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VENIZELOS, Orlando, Clemenceau, Wilson—one by one the big men who dominated the Peace Conference and the Treaty of Versailles have been repudiated by their people and within less than two years of the assembling of the peace gathering. Lloyd George alone survives; it is to be hoped that what is going on in Ireland will at last unhorse him. That four of the six leading men at Paris have been so emphatically turned down is sufficient commentary in itself upon the character of their work and of the abominable treaty for which they bear the responsibility. The historians and philosophers of the future will have no more entertaining problem than to explain how these men who voiced so glibly the highest sentiments could have been guilty of as much ruthlessness and tyranny at home in carrying out the will of the Lord as were the religious reformers of the Middle Ages. Take Venizelos, for example. This beneficent despot, a king enthroned by force by the Allies in order to defeat the wicked Huns, dismissed outright nine thousand and fifty-seven public officials and deported and banished most of those who opposed him besides imprisoning thousands. No wonder that this tyrant has fled his country. No wonder that the Greek armies which have been fighting wars on and off for ten years past are reported to be on the point of demobilizing themselves. If only they will! Indeed, the best reports out of Europe for some time past are this and the rumor that the Spanish workers will not permit Spain to send two companies of troops to serve at Vilna in the army of the League of Nations. It is the highest time for the cannon-fodder of European rulers to refuse to be their cannon-fodder any longer.

A HOPEFUL note sounds through the dispatches of the newspaper correspondents reporting the sessions of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. There is a new spirit in the air, we are told; the correspondents are thrilled with the sense that they are watching the birth of a new world. It would be more hopeful if the same correspondents had not reported the same thrills when the Peace Conference opened its sessions at Paris, and if the first steps of the new world conference did not perilously parallel the first steps of those disastrous Paris meetings. At Paris it was the newspapermen who demanded publicity, and they got publicity—for the formal general sessions at which the decisions of the inner circle were pompously announced to a respectful world. At Geneva Lord Robert Cecil, whose efforts to make the League a real world league set him head and shoulders above the premiers of Europe, sought to open the committee meetings, where the real business of the Assembly will be transacted, to the public—in vain. This time several of the Governments supported him, and that is an advance. There are many signs among the smaller nations of revolt against the tutelage of the great. Now if ever they must break the chains, for this is the Assembly of the League, and if their united voice, with the whole world listening, cannot overcome the protests of the mighty here, then the League is finally condemned to be the handmaid of the empire-builders.

THE tragic death of Father Griffin, of Galway, brings home with peculiar horror the state of Ireland. Here was a man assassinated, not as a reprisal for murder done or planned, but because of his Sinn Fein sympathies and perhaps to prevent his answering a summons to *The Nation's* Commission in Washington. Father Griffin was kidnapped from his home just as he was preparing for the trip; now he is found dead in a ditch with a bullet hole in his forehead. Meanwhile a general orgy of murder and reprisal is making Dublin and all of Ireland a place of terror. We excuse the killing of English officers no more than we condone the atrocities perpetrated by the soldiers, police, and Black and Tans. Both sets of crimes are inexcusable. But we know without further investigation that the way to put a stop to this state of terror is to withdraw the troops from Ireland. That step and not "pacification" of Ireland by force is the necessary preliminary to any solution of the Irish question other than extermination. Instead the British Government promises "to send large reinforcements of troops to Ireland." This is worse than folly.

COINCIDENT with the meeting by the shores of the Lake of Geneva, out of which some are expecting world peace, comes an announcement from Washington which says:

> The development of more powerful poisonous gases than were used in the late war, with gas masks that will withstand the fumes, is one of the after-the-armistice accomplishments of the United States chemical warfare service, cooperating with scientists of the American Chemical Society. Fool-proof and mobile

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cloud gas that can be concentrated in units small enough to be carried by every soldier is the new discovery that has followed the experimental work of chemical experts.

Thus America moves toward disarmament, and our President is considered for a Nobel peace prize! We are following the logic of those who say: "We are for world peace, but until a universal and certain scheme is devised to obtain it, we are for national preparedness." Unfortunately progress comes bit by bit, not by universal and certain steps, and all history has shown that preparedness (as militarism is called in one's own country) makes a nation bellicose, while a contrary condition makes it pacific. The unpreparedness of France was the potent reason that kept her from flying at the throat of Germany in 1906 over Morocco. The preparedness of Germany was the decisive factor in leading her to start the world holocaust in 1914. Fool-proof gases, yes; but the experts have yet to give us fool-proof governments.

MR. W. D. VANDERLIP will soon be a famous man on his own account and not through any mere confusion of names. His vigorous attack on the Administration's policy toward Russia, his demand that trade relations be resumed and recognition be accorded, his flaunting of the prospect of "a billion dollars yearly" in trade, have planted his name and his opinions on the front page of many a metropolitan newspaper. Such respectable publicity will do more to frighten the death-dealing anti-Bolshevists than much lamenting from those suspicious characters, the liberals and radicals of the United States. It is heartening, however, to have American labor, here and there, speak up on this most vital question. In New York, the other day, a great mass meeting of trade unionists speaking for 500,000 workers of all shades of political opinion joined in a protest against the policy of criminal negligence adhered to by the United States in regard to Russia. Radical and conservative unionists found themselves for once in agreement. They demanded the removal of all restrictions on trade with Russia, and the opening of commercial relations. Dissension arose over the question of a general strike to force labor's position; in the course of it, Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, said: "If we do not actually do something to raise this blockade soon, there will be no need of a general strike; the workers will all be on the street. Of my organization in New York 70 per cent are out of work. They would be able to work not only eight hours but overtime if we could supply the clothing needs of Russia." Taken together, the testimony of Mr. Vanderlip and that of the organized workers of New York go far toward proving the Russian question to be an American question of the most acute sort.

TOM MOONEY would have been hung long ago if his fate had been left to the officials of "justice" of the State of California. Even the protests of organized labor throughout the United States aroused no general suspicion that the labor leader convicted of murder in connection with the 1916 San Francisco Preparedness Day bomb outrage was really the victim of a "frame-up." It was a demonstration in favor of Mooney in the streets of Petrograd in May, 1917, which first brought his name into the columns of the New York newspapers—and then few of them knew enough to understand the cable's garbling of Mooney into "Munin." Even the investigation made at the instance of President Wilson that same year, although revealing manifold discrepancies in the evidence, did not secure Mooney's pardon; it took the protest of labor from coast to coast to secure so little as a commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment. Now, when Mooney has passed four years in jail, Draper Hand, the detective in charge of arranging the evidence against him, confesses that the case was a "frame-up," and that a "corporation detective had an important part in arranging the perjury program." The prosecuting attorney, who secured a life sentence for Mooney's fellow-prisoner, Warren K. Billings, admits that even then he had grave doubts of Billings's guilt. Will the men who deliberately organized the plot against labor that sent Mooney and Billings to jail be punished half as much for their crime as Mooney has been for nothing but his labor leadership? And what lurid light this story casts upon that other Pacific Coast case at Centralia, in which eleven I. W. W.s were convicted of murder in another trial in which industrial bitterness played its full part!

SO the President declines to pardon Debs on the ground that it would "set a bad precedent and would encourage others to oppose the Government in the event of another war." Let us hope, charitably, that this decision, too, must be laid to the President's ill-health. Even the Kaiser released Karl Liebknecht as soon as he was nominated for the Reichstag, and the King of Bavaria likewise opened the prison doors to Kurt Eisner when he was nominated for that Berlin body—the same Eisner who was so soon to drive the King from his throne. Mr. Wilson, alas, is unforgiving and often ungenerous—has he not refused to receive his formerly most intimate friend, Colonel House, since the latter dared to differ with him? As for Debs, it is not he who really loses. He knows, as does every one else, that now that the hysteria of the war is over no jury could be found to convict him on the original evidence. More than that, he has the daily thrill of realizing that while his prosecutors have been rejected by the American people as has no other administration in history, nearly two millions of Americans voted for the man in prison garb behind the bars. Those voters did not believe Debs either disloyal or guilty; they, too, broke a record for America by piling up such a vote for a convict. No, Debs has nothing to destroy his soul's poise in Atlanta, where he has become the greatest influence for goodness and light, and a friend to all the prisoners.

SINCE the Legislative committee that is inquiring into housing in New York began to unfold the story of the amazing and unscrupulous rise to power and riches of Robert P. Brindell, president of the Building Trades Council, foes of organized labor have been saying "I told you so" and making the most of the material to discredit unionism. It required only slight prevision, however, to surmise that the employers were as much responsible for conditions as the workers, and this assumption has now been fully borne out by the testimony of the head of a wrecking firm. When Brindell insisted on putting incompetent men from his own organization in the places of experienced members of the old union, this contractor declared that he went to see the Building Trades Employers' Association, and that Otto Eidlitz said that Brindell was doing "wonderful work in stabilizing the business and we must stand behind him." Eventually the employers stipulated in their contracts with

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wrecking firms that Brindell's men must be employed for all work. "And that is really the source of this man's power?" the witness was asked by counsel for the committee. "That is the source of his power," was the reply. This testimony runs true to history and to human nature. For every bribe-taker there must be a bribe-giver; wherever there is extortion there is a moral jellyfish who would rather pay graft than fight for his rights—particularly when, as in the case of the builders, he can pass on the bill to somebody else.

NO explanation of the mysterious expulsion from England of Mr. E. J. Costello, business manager of the Federated Press, has yet come to light. Mr. Colby's lack of interest in the case lends unfortunate color to the insinuation of the radical press that the expulsion was in some way connected with the Secretary of State's publicly expressed dislike of the Federated Press. It was hinted at first that the expulsion might have something to do with a contract with a Russian news agency which Mr. Costello went abroad to seek; it develops that this contract went after all to the United Telegraph Company, an organization affiliated with the perfectly respectable and unpersecuted United Press. In a previous issue of *The Nation* we stated that it had been reliably reported that the Associated Press was also bargaining for this contract; the Associated Press informs us that the report was untrue, and we regret publication of this error. The fact remains that an American journalist, representative of a chain of labor papers, was expelled from England, and that he has not yet been informed why. The State Department which shows so touching a concern for American oil rights in Mexico exposes itself to grave criticism if it takes no effective action in the case of Mr. Costello.

IT is not unlikely that a portion of the 1920 corn crop may be used as fuel in certain sections of the corn belt where the coal situation is acute. An Illinois agricultural paper queried its crop reporters throughout the corn growing counties of South Dakota in regard to coal conditions and asked them to report whether farmers were seriously considering using any of their corn for fuel purposes. From replies received it appears that this winter may see somewhat of a repetition of what took place quite generally in the early nineties when, with corn selling under twenty cents a bushel, it was used for heating purposes on thousands of farms west of the Mississippi. Although the November United States crop report places the price of corn at 87 cents, the Dakota farmer is stated to be getting only 60 cents for it on the farm. This is approximately three times the price of corn during the low period of about thirty years ago. But soft coal—some of it of inferior grade—is selling today in South Dakota at from $18.50 to $20 a ton which is probably four to six times above the market price of similar coal in the corn belt in the early nineties. Hard coal, it is reported, cannot be obtained today at any price throughout much of this region. When a car does find its way to this section farmers are paying $22 a ton or more for it and are doing their own shoveling and hauling. Corn at 60 cents foots to about $21.50 a ton without the cobs which are themselves an excellent fuel. In light of these considerations it is easy to believe that corn will prove in many corn belt localities to be as cheap a fuel as coal this coming winter. Where wood is to be had corn will not be used, of course, nor in such regions where the crop did not make a good stand. In such localities the entire crop will be needed for cattle and hogs. But the 1920 corn crop exceeds three billion bushels and surpasses the bumper crop of 1912 by 75,000,000 bushels. Consequently the mid-west has "corn to burn" in more than a single sense.

HERETOFORE the cooperative movement in the United States has been largely a series of isolated, unrelated experiments. Unity and standardization, such as exist in European countries, have been conspicuously absent. However, as a result of the Second American Cooperative Convention, just held in Cincinnati, the United States now takes its place with the twenty-five other nations of the world having a representative national cooperative organization. Standards as to what constitutes a real cooperative society—be it a store, bakery, laundry, housing enterprise, or factory, are explicitly defined in the new constitution, and it is now possible to distinguish the true from the false, the sound from the unsound. Our cooperative movement is henceforth to be guided by its own organization, an essential to cooperative greatness, as experience has shown. But provision is made for district leagues having local autonomy such as have already been organized in a number of states. Sixty-two accredited delegates from nineteen states, representing 279 cooperative societies with a membership of 84,000, were present. Forty-four fraternal delegates with a voice but no vote represented the Railroad Brotherhoods, United Mine Workers, International Association of Machinists, Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and unions of the American Federation of Labor totaling 2,000,000 members, and there were delegates from social and religious organizations. Perhaps the most significant feature of this convention was the demonstration that cooperation is a movement in which conflicting elements, both radical and conservative, are reconciled.

RAINER MARIA RILKE, born in Prague in 1875, is one of the most original and noteworthy of living poets. A delicate and brooding boyhood, an extended sojourn in Russia and an absorption in the art of sculpture that led to his becoming for some years the private secretary of Auguste Rodin—these were the chief experiences in Rilke's life until the Czecho-Slovak domination exiled him from his ancestral city. In his ripest volumes, "Das Buch der Bilder," "Das Stundenbuch," and "Neue Gedichte," there is revealed a singularly still and dedicated soul that, in its very passiveness, has the power of drawing the visible world into itself and of recreating it there. These spiritual refashionings of men and things Rilke expresses in forms whose astonishing intricacy and rich perfection never mar an ultimate impression of simplicity. His words and his order are the words and the order of prose. But he uses both to so new a purpose that in his verses, some of which we print on another page, the familiar becomes magical and the common world strikes suddenly upon the heart. No translation can convey the brimming fulness of his music in which the subtlest verbal orchestration never diminishes the dominant purity of tone. A hushed and remote personality, the growth of his reputation has been gradual. Today, however, he is being hailed by the younger poets of Central Europe as the first and still the greatest of the "expressionists" and hence as both their forerunner and their master.

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The Only Way to Deal with Russia

ONE more plot against the self-determination and liberty of Russia has ended in richly-deserved disaster. Baron Wrangel is back at Constantinople, where the titled and the stock-holding refugees welcome him and promise more military expeditions and more bloodshed. It is announced, as it has been announced before, that England is about to open trade relations with Russia. But the miserable effort to crush the Soviet Government of Russia in any way, by any means, at any price, has been repeated so many times and new expeditions financed by hostile powers and interests have so often sprung Phoenix-like from the ashes of the old, that it is hard to believe that the groups which have conspired so persistently in the past are yet done. The French and American Governments still hold to the policy of starvation and blockade.

Walter Duranty has revealed in the New York *Times* in all its nakedness the economic basis of the latest adventure. A twelve-million franc Russo-French corporation, with "palatial offices in the Avenue Marceau" in Paris, including among its supporters the principal shareholders in the great Donetz coal and Ekaterinoslav iron mines, backed Wrangel, buying in France clothing and supplies for Wrangel's army and exporting grain and other produce from the Crimea. It was this group, Mr. Duranty tells us, which forced Wrangel to direct his offensive against the rich coal and iron regions, and it was this group again which cannily induced the baron to introduce a semblance of liberalism into his administration. Mr. Jerome Landfield, of the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce, who has supported almost every anti-bolshevik adventure, maintains in a letter to the *Times* that the company was a philanthropic and patriotic affair, and in so doing he confirms Mr. Duranty's statements at all essential points. The Czar's bonds, the Donetz mines—these are the things which have determined much Allied policy toward Russia for the past three years and have dragged out the endless, useless agony of war in Russia for years after active hostilities had ceased in France. Tchaikowsky, Kolchak, Denikin, Judenich, Wrangel—one after another the puppet governments created by the Entente in Russia have gone to perdition, each of them carrying to death with it thousands of simple mujiks and leaving starvation and the bitter death-in-life of refugeedom behind it. Now it is clear that the Soviet Government has triumphed over its enemies within and without, it has governed Russia after its fashion for more than three years, and the time has come to recognize it as the *de facto* government of Russia.

We propose, therefore, a program for our relations with Russia. It is perhaps too late to expect the outgoing Administration to alter its stubborn policy of ill will; we suggest the following for the Government about to take office:

(1) Recognize the Soviet Government as the *de facto* government of Russia.

(2) Reestablish the American consular service in Russia to facilitate American trade with Russia.

(3) Open full postal relations with Russia; grant passports to Russia on the same basis on which they are granted for other countries; put no hindrance in the way of free commerce and transport between the United States and Russia.

(4) Send the Red Cross into Russia. There is its field of greatest need. There it could abandon politics, forget diplomatic discriminations, recall its time-honored motto of humanity, and restore its fair name as an agency of good will which it has begun to lose.

There is nothing in this policy to offend bolshevik or anti-bolshevik. It implies neither approbation nor disapprobation of the form or methods of Soviet Russia. Most Americans agree in disliking the form or the methods of the Imperial Japanese Government in Korea and even in Japan, and of the British Empire in India at least; but we do not blind ourselves to the fact that those empires do in fact govern, and we do business with them. We disliked the murders by which King Peter came to the throne of Serbia, but we recognized him as in fact king. It is high time we quit playing the ostrich and admit facts in Russia whether we like them or not, particularly as almost every returning traveler declares that for the present there is no alternative to Lenin and Trotzky but anarchy and chaos. More than that, the American people have made it plain, both at the recent elections and in other ways, that they want no more intervention in European affairs, and are suspicious of European political entanglements. Such a policy as we have outlined is in accord with that decision. Refusal to recognize Russia, hindrance of business relations with Russia, is interference in European affairs. Some time ago the State Department announced that it had lifted the Russian blockade and many people were gulled into believing that at last American participation in the world embargo was ended. But the blockade continued in full force; postal and banking facilities were still denied and direct communication with Russia prevented. Only a few individuals succeeded in surmounting our Government's obstructions and entering Russia. A Russian-American cannot communicate with his starving family in Russia, or send food and medicine.

As a matter of fact America could not help Europe more than by leading the way to such a policy. But America has the duty to think of itself, too, and the Administration has no right to deprive its citizens of the opportunity to trade with the millions of Russians so many of whom die for lack of it. While we delay, the English and Germans are laying their plans and going to work, the latter actually signing huge contracts. This is the blindest stupidity if one looks toward the future when the extreme bolshevism of Lenin and Trotzky shall have been ameliorated, for in the future Russia will remember that it was Germany that came to her aid when the United States refused. We are, indeed, driving Russia into Germany's arms and giving her freely the opportunity to play a more imperialistic role than before if her reactionaries regain control. But most important of all is the simple and unavoidable fact that the world cannot be itself again; nor can its economic currents resume their wonted course until Russia is restored to normal life as a member of the family of nations. As for propaganda, we are not afraid of its being unleashed if we stop the blockade. No ideas were ever stopped by a famine blockade and they are not being kept out now; the more we starve Russia the more shall we aid the bolshevik theorists; the more inevitably will Lenin point to us as embodying the cruelty and the heartlessness of modern profit-taking capitalism. The best safeguard is for the United States to be true to its historic traditions. What they bid us do is clear.

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The Fight to Break the Unions

JUST what do the chambers of commerce, the employers' associations, the "associated industries," the Republican Publicity Association, and other like-minded organizations actually mean when they proclaim the "open shop" as the new slogan of Americanism? It is important to find out, for the labor struggles of the next few months, and possibly of the next few years, will center around that issue, and the public is already being "educated" by the familiar methods of cheap propaganda to a proper attitude in the matter. The employers have tried to tell us what the open shop campaign implies; they have named it the "American plan of employment," and in the words of the "Dallas Chamber of Commerce Open Shop Square Deal Association" (we hope it is not familiarly known as the D. C. C. O. S. S. D. A.) the open shop is "the only way to cure radicalism" and has been inaugurated "to protect personal liberty and property rights by seeing that non-union workers have an equal chance with workers who belong to unions." It is inevitable that Americans should respond sympathetically to the proposal that all men must have an "equal chance." If the open shop actually means an equal chance the open shop propaganda will be easy to conduct.

What the term really implies, however, is something quite different. The open shop, as the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor has said, is in practice simply a non-union shop. The idea of union and non-union men competing for jobs on equal terms and working side by side is in fact nothing more than an amiable fiction. The primary object of labor organization is collective bargaining between the employer and the union. The object of the open shop is to eliminate collective bargaining and to substitute dealings with the individual worker. If collective bargaining is eliminated, the union is killed; a worker might as well join a golf club as a union in an open shop. The open shop, then, becomes a non-union shop and the meaning of the present campaign becomes clear. The New York *World* put the matter very plainly when it said last week that "the champions of the open shop are not actuated by any patriotic impulse whatever. They believe that the open shop is more profitable to themselves than the closed shop and that to destroy the unions would put money in their pockets. That is all there is to the controversy. The open shop advocates wear a mask of patriotism because they are afraid to meet the economic issue." In the face of the obvious intent behind the open shop campaign the noble spectacle of the embattled employers of America rising in defense of the "personal liberty" of their employees takes on a comic aspect, while the claim of the employers that they seek to increase production must, in the present state of the market at least, be largely discounted.

Winter, the industrial depression, and the disorganization of the forces of labor have joined to help the open shop drive. In certain industries unemployment is rapidly increasing; in several large cities in the East we have already read reports of missions and lodging houses filling up with hungry, unemployed workers. That business men are looking to these conditions to help break union "arrogance" is freely admitted; although one prominent employer put it perhaps a trifle bluntly when he said the other day: "The union man is not so cocky as he was just before the election. In a little while he will be eating out of his employer's hand." The unions are weakened, indeed, as a fighting force by their jurisdictional divisions, their conservatism and preoccupation with petty politics, their uneconomic limiting of production and creating of useless jobs, their lack of intelligent, progressive leadership. The officials of the American Federation of Labor adopt resolutions against the open shop, but their actual plans for combating it amount to nothing. It is plain, moreover, that at present public sympathy does not turn to organized labor. Accusations of "labor profiteering"—largely unjustified—and revelations, such as those lately made in New York, of the corruption of individual labor leaders and unions have hurt the workers' cause in the public mind. Furthermore, apart from a few shining exceptions in the garment trades, organized labor in this country has interested itself little in problems of production and prices. Until it begins to do so, it cannot expect wholehearted popular support. Moreover, in those trades which are most affected by the present industrial depression, union defense funds are running low; and serious unemployment will do more than a hundred injunctions or propaganda campaigns to break the unions' control and lower their vitality. In these conditions the employers find their chance. From all over the country come reports from business associations, some of which have recently been collected by the New York *Herald*, of successful open shop drives. A few typical statements are worth quoting. "All Pittsburg industries with the exception of the building trades and the street railways are open shop." "About 75 per cent of the industries [of Philadelphia] run under open shop conditions." "The automobile industry and all its branches as well as all other important industries [in Detroit] are open shop, and even the building trades are generally open shop." "Ninety-eight per cent of [Toledo's] industry . . . is open shop in part or all of the departments."

Such examples, even allowing for business optimism, show the strength of the anti-union forces. With the generous assistance of the political party soon to be in power in Washington the employers have good reason to feel confident. Certain factors, however, may modify the final success of their drive. If the period of depression turns out, as wiser men than Mr. Harding believe, to be a short one, the labor situation may change. The Federal Reserve monthly bulletin, the *Annalist*, the current report of the Harvard Committee on Economic Research, the November review of the National City Bank, all agree in a general expectation that the industrial depression accompanying the process of deflation will last into the spring but that a revival is due to begin by March or April. If they are correct, it is obvious that the employers of the country cannot work their whole will upon the unions in the next four months. Even bread lines and unemployment and the vast pamphleteering campaign of organized business can do no more than crush individual unions in weak industries and perhaps shake the confidence of labor in general; and they may have the salutary effect of forcing the rank and file to think in other and more constructive terms than those of the old Gompers philosophy. Meanwhile the poor public, victimized like the labor unions by the literary deluge sent out by the employers, should keep firmly in mind the true meaning of the open shop drive.

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Baseball and Football

A PHILOSOPHER who attended a game of the World Series without any elemental preference for either the Indians or the Robins, and also witnessed the Harvard-Yale game at New Haven with his blood unstirred by any partialities for Yale or Harvard whatsoever, and on both occasions devoted the right kind of reflection to the two sports, must easily have come to some conclusions as to why baseball is the true entertainment of the American masses, and football that of the colleges and universities.

At first glance these facts might seem strange to our philosopher, who could not help realizing how much the more beautiful of the two, on the whole, baseball is—more light, more swift, more plastic. The very season helps its beauty, the bright, hard sun and sky, the vivid heat, the dry, clear atmosphere of the American summer. Instead of going clad in harness and mail, as in football, and lumbering a little in their gaits, baseball players seem always on their toes, lithe and incomparably agile. The ball flashes across the field with a velocity no football can attain, and back and forth with the rush of meteors. Base-runners cover the ground as no half-back ever manages to do through the finest field, behind the most competent of interferences. Flying balls and flying runners weave over the diamond a brilliant net of interest, as if the stars should flash wildly about in the dark for an hour or so. Baseball has none of football's heavy piling up of hundredweights of humanity in masses from which some bystander must disentangle the members. In baseball all is in the open, every player is obviously an individual, every play stands sharply by itself. The game, once certain intricacies of rules and customs have been mastered, is as lucid as noon.

In football there is more to be watched. Individual playing amounts to less, or at least has less opportunity to attract attention. The punter means less to his team than the pitcher to his. The stupendous personal triumph won by a player who can take the ball on the kick-off and run with it to a touchdown is a sign how rare a deed he has accomplished. And even in his case the credit lies largely with his team. What essentially matters in football is the nice articulation of human beings into a corporation in which each plays his most strenuous part with the neatness and delicacy of wheel or cog or ratchet or piston. Only an expert can ever know how hard it is, or what painful repetition is necessary, to make a machine out of eleven men. Only a person considerably expert, moreover, can perceive the nicer points of generalship displayed by the player who conducts a football game. He is a driver with ten steeds who must set his own shoulder to the wheel as constantly as they; he is an organist who must touch many keys and pull many stops, his mind full of his repertoire of tricks and yet able at any moment to improvise new ones; he must spare his own men and yet send their weight against men in the opposing line who show signs of weakness; he must diagnose the play of his opponents no matter how much they may try to conceal all their symptoms. Nor does all this responsibility lie with the quarter-back, or whoever runs the game. The other players have more to do than follow instructions implicitly. Each of them, too, must diagnose the coming play; each of them must sway with the rhythm of the contest, original and yet always adaptable in a dozen directions, heated with the rush of the conflict and yet cool with the discipline of the rules.

We here speak, of course, of perfect conditions on perfect teams; but the matter is everywhere essentially the same, so far as the audience is concerned. From that point of view, baseball, for all the marvelous skill required to play it, and for all its technical brilliance and finish, is to football as vaudeville or melodrama to higher comedy. The baseball fan, like the onlooker at melodrama or vaudeville, watches what at the moment is before his eye, delighted or suited with that, and concerned only secondarily with the larger drift of the game, for the reason that there is less of it to consider. But the spectator at a football match has a different function. Like the players on the field he too sways with the rhythm of the organized cheering; like them, too, he fixes his attention not upon the brilliance of the individual moment or episode, but upon the coherence and solidarity of an entire undertaking. There has to be, therefore, a greater community of sentiment among the watchers at such a game than among the heterogeneous crowds who cheer the professional players of baseball. And such a community in America only the colleges and universities can furnish.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION takes great pleasure in announcing an annual Poetry Prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest to be conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1920 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation,* 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, November 26, and not later than Saturday, January 1, plainly marked, on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscript submitted in this contest will under any circumstances be returned to the author, it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 200 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation,* to appear February 9, 1921.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase any other poem submitted in the contest at its usual rates.

The judges of the contest are William Rose Benét, Ludwig Lewisohn, and Carl Van Doren. Poems, however, should in no case be sent to them personally.

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Perishing Ireland

IN a few weeks, so run the reports, Ireland will be reduced to the straits of Austria; famine will be at her doors. Her whole economic life is disrupted; her railroads are gradually ceasing to function; her motor trucks may not travel more than twenty miles from home; the transport of food becomes daily more difficult; factories and creameries are steadily being destroyed; death stalks abroad in the land; the grip of a deadly internecine war is upon it; and as yet the humane opinion of the world stirs but little. True, there are more and more brave voices being lifted in England itself. The English branch of the Women's International League has had a notable group of delegates in Ireland to see for themselves; the Labor Party has just voted to send another delegation to the suffering island, but Ireland begins literally to bleed to death, while Lloyd George insists that the policy of violent reprisal and repression is succeeding. From a prominent Englishwoman, Mrs. Cobden Unwin, the daughter of that Richard Cobden who never failed to lift his voice for suffering humanity, comes a note to us saying: "There are many English people who passionately desire to see Ireland a free country and who are filled with horror on hearing daily what is taking place there in the name of England." From a Protestant friend, Mrs. Unwin sends us the following:

In Mallow anyone can see, as I did, with their own eyes, the large handsome houses burned to the ground; there they are and it is useless for any Hamar Greenwood, or Carson, or Lloyd George, to deny it. There is a magnificent milk factory all in ruins, thousands of tins of preserved milk on rubbish heaps, all the newest, finest American inventions and machinery (many of them just installed) broken to bits, everything black, charred, and burnt to cinders; 500 people in Mallow thrown out of employment for the winter, most of them women and girls. I visited many of their homes and they are in blank despair, with starvation staring them in the face, no food to cook, and if they had, no fire to cook it with, and all this done by the forces of the Crown, the men who are sent here to keep order.

For the editor of the London *Nation* the death of MacSwiney—"fearless, generous, ardent," "a hero among heroes," he calls him—is the snapping point. "Certainly," he writes, "there is nothing in England so base as its Government and the average Englishman gets an occasional airing out of the hell in which it condemns him to live." For the Irishman, whatever his own guilt or innocence, there is no opportunity for an occasional airing out of the hell in which he lives. There is no escape for him, and there will be none unless after all the facts have been brought up, the public opinion of mankind is enabled to direct intelligently its power to move both the Irish and the English Government to find some settlement which shall at least end the agony and the bloodshed. The British Labor Party, in addition to sending a commission, is circulating petitions in support of the position taken by Viscount Grey that the first step shall be the removal of all British troops from Ireland that there may be placed upon Ireland herself the duty of keeping her people in order and of demonstrating to the world that she is capable of performing that function of self-government. Violence begets violence. As long as the troops are there, it seems plain, their presence will lead hotheads to attack them who cannot see that every deed of violence on an Irishman's part makes against his cause and gives an excuse for reprisals, which in Mallow, Balbriggan, and Thurles, and many other places liken these Irish villages to the towns in France so wickedly devastated by the Germans. It staggers the mind that such things are; that the noble Irish people and the noble English people should be brought to such a pass, should be literally at one another's throats.

In Washington in an effort to bring out the facts for the American people the American Commission on Ireland, called into being by *The Nation*, began its public sessions on Thursday, November 18, by the hearing of witnesses, and the following statement of the purpose of the Commission, read by Mr. Frederic C. Howe:

Conditions in Ireland have profoundly stirred millions of American citizens of Irish descent. They have created and are creating a widening rift in the friendly relations of English-speaking peoples, not only in America but all over the world. No person who shares our common blood and language can view unmoved the existence of civil war, the killing of human beings, and the substitution of martial rule for the civil state in any part of the English-speaking world. As a people we have been trained by centuries to a belief in orderly civic processes. Only in direct necessity can there be justification of a resort to arms for the adjustment of disputes which it has been our custom and our pride to adjust by reasoned and amicable means.

What the world most needs is peace. It needs an ending of hate. Discussion should resume its ascendancy and reason should displace the employment of force. The orgy of destruction which is now ravaging Ireland is sending its repercussions to every corner of the civilized world. It cannot fail to postpone indefinitely the return of ordered tranquility to civilization. In addition to all this, the political life of America as well as its orderly social processes are profoundly disturbed by the injection of an internecine war between peoples of our own flesh and blood. Feelings such as these gave birth to this Commission for investigating into conditions existent in Ireland. The Commission has set itself to the task of ascertaining the facts. It plans to learn as nearly as possible just what the conditions in Ireland are and what has brought them about. It will hear witnesses who present themselves representing English and Irish opinion.

The Commission plans to send a mission to England and Ireland to make an inquiry into conditions in the latter country. It will investigate the killings and disorders. Quite as important to the permanent adjustment of the dispute, it will investigate into the economic conditions in Ireland, the extent to which the Irish have developed a self-contained economic and cultural life, as well as the extent to which the Irish people have evolved their own agencies of self-government during the last few years. In making these investigations, the Commission has received assurances of cordial cooperation from liberal-minded groups in England, who are also deeply concerned over the state of civil war that exists in Ireland. It has received similar assurances from British labor groups and from British statesmen, as well as from organizations in Ireland. Judging by the expressions that have reached the Commission, the creation of this unofficial agency and the delegation of this unofficial mission to Ireland have awakened a genuine hope that through an impartial inquiry into the facts and a disinterested study of conditions some constructive measures may be formulated for ending the chaotic situation that now prevails.

A full report of the first two hearings of the Commission held in Washington on November 18 and 19 will be published for the first time as a supplement to an early issue of *The Nation*.

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The New German Spirit

By KUNO FRANCKE

ONE fast train runs daily from Lindau to Munich. It is a long train consisting of some twenty heavy cars and, in view of the up-hill character of most of the trip, the one little engine seems very inadequate. It made the ascent into the Allgäu Mountains successfully, but toward nightfall we reached the slopes leading to the plateau beyond Kempten, where there is a succession of steep curves. Rain had set in and the rails must have been slippery. At any rate, on one of these curves the train proved too heavy and slowly came to a standstill. Under ordinary circumstances, I suppose, an emergency engine would have been called in. But engines now are scarce in Germany and coal is precious. So the brave little engine tried it alone. We went back a short distance and then forward with additional steam. But at the same spot we stuck again. Then again backward for a longer distance and forward once more, with the same result. And so things went for nearly half an hour, until at last the crucial spot was passed, so that we finally reached Munich only a little overdue.

The little episode, I think, had a larger significance than at first sight might appear. For the whole of German life is now a one-engine affair; and the driver of the engine, the German mind, has got to pull himself together, strain every fiber, and readjust every resource within him in order to reach his goal. Democracy is surely making headway in Germany; the very distress is fostering it by forcing the different classes to live more or less on the same plane. That there is a cheerful assumption of these new duties of common brotherhood among the higher classes, there can be no doubt. In Munich I made the acquaintance of the Bavarian state geologist, whose official duties are largely connected with the water supply of the cities. He is just now participating in the utilization, by the State, of Bavaria's water power for electricity—vast undertakings, employing at high wages tens of thousands of workmen, which will ultimately make three-sevenths of the Bavarian industries independent of coal. This highly cultivated and scholarly man, whose whole life is given to the betterment of public conditions, lives with his wife in two rooms, having been forced by a city regulation to cede the other three rooms of his apartment to homeless persons. The weekly milk ration for himself and his wife is one-quarter of a pint and their food is entirely vegetarian. When I remarked that most of his workmen probably had a more comfortable way of living, he admitted it, adding, however, that the proper feeding of the large masses of the population was the most important task before Germany today and that everybody had to make sacrifices.

In a village near Jena, I spent a week at the home of a former Vice-Governor of Kamerun, who now devotes himself to gardening and farming on a small scale. He, too, had by public ordinance been required to take into his house a workman's family—husband, wife, and two small children, victims of the general housing shortage. The truly Tolstoyan comradeship of work and talk between this Herr Geheimrat and the laboring man's family as well as with the peasants of the neighborhood would be a delightful thing to describe in detail. Nothing could have been further removed from the harshness and arrogance which used to be considered entirely synonymous with Prussian bureaucracy.

Being a guest in Berlin, at the house of one of the leading members of the Government, one who had served with distinction under the old regime and whose intellectual bent is naturally conservative and aristocratic, I found in him an enthusiastic and determined supporter of democracy, as the only salvation of Germany and the only bulwark against her utter collapse. I saw this aristocrat taking pride in traveling third or even fourth class. I saw one of the shapers of German domestic and foreign policy seriously questioning whether it was right for his wife and children (who were all underfed) to accept little tidbits and nutritious delicacies while so many thousands of German women and children were without the bare necessaries of existence. No complaint is heard more frequently in Germany today than that the working classes are having it all their own way, that they are thriving while the middle classes, and especially the intellectuals of the middle classes, are starving. Unhappily this complaint, so far as the suffering of vast numbers of small investors, officials, writers, teachers, tradespeople, and the like is concerned, is only too well founded. And unquestionably there is a large number of persons who are hoping for better things from a restoration of the monarchy. It is unfortunate that these reactionary tendencies should find their chief support in the universities, and that for the moment the majority of the university students seem to be hypnotized by fanatics of the phrase, like the sibyllinic apostle of Prussianism, Oswald Spengler. But the reactionary stand taken by most university professors and students in Germany today will delay but cannot prevent the ultimate democratization even of the universities themselves. There are symptoms of such a change even now. Active, though small, minorities of students and professors are at work everywhere openly denouncing the spirit of chauvinism, class prejudice, and race hatred fostered by the pseudo-patriotic reactionaries. They have found a most excellent literary organ in a new periodical, *Vivos Voco*, edited by the Leipzig biologist, Richard Woltereck, and the poet, Hermann Hesse, which is fast gaining the position of the foremost German monthly devoted to the cause of liberal reform and international reconciliation. The admirably-conducted non-partisan propaganda of Professor Damaschke for a thoroughgoing reform of land tenure is rapidly gaining ground in university circles also, and is undermining belief in the desirability of a return to the old regime.

What really counts for the future of Germany, what has in it the germs either of utter destruction or of genuine recovery, is the attitude of the working millions. It is obvious that the overwhelming majority of these millions are in favor of the Republic. The Republic has done its best to improve the economic condition of the workers. It has kept intact the admirable social legislation initiated by Bismarck, and it has been generous in adjusting the sickness and old-age insurance benefits, as well as wages, to the enormous rise in the cost of living. The result is that the mass of industrial workers in Germany, in so far as they have work, live better today than they did before the war; it must not be overlooked, however, that their present

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ease and comfort rest upon a fictitious basis—the unlimited issue of paper money unprotected by a gold reserve. For the time being, even the farmers have been benefited by this fiat money legislation. They have been enabled thereby to pay off their mortgages on very advantageous terms and, in addition, they have been the gainers, while the middle classes of the city population have been the principal losers, from the extraordinary increase in the price of foodstuffs. So the farmers, too, have reaped advantage from the revolution and are unlikely to be made the tool of any hazardous scheme for the restoration of the monarchy.

One very serious question, however, remains. Remarkable as has been thus far the orderly working of the new republican regime, incontestable as has been the proof given thereby of German administrative and recuperative power, will this orderly advance of democracy last or will it degenerate into mob rule? The answer to this momentous question lies largely in the hands of Germany's former enemies, particularly the French and the British. If they should be determined to cripple German industries, already reduced to half of their former working capacity, still further; if they should thereby swell the number of the unemployed, with its attendant popular misery, to uncontrollable proportions, then the extremists of the left will seize the opportunity to strike a decisive blow; a counter blow from the extremists of the right will inevitably follow, and chaos will ensue.

But democracy is not the only ideal that acts as a stimulus upon the nerves of lacerated Germany. Her habitual devotion to science, literature, and art stands her in good stead in this hour of national misery. I was privileged to witness many manifestations of the healing power of this devotion. I doubt whether any other city in the world offered during any part of the year dramatic and operatic productions comparable to those seen and heard in Munich theaters during the first week of last August. It was the opening week of the Munich "Festspiele," resumed for the first time since before the war; and the long repertory of classic, romantic, and new operas, scheduled for production during a season extending to the middle of October, was gloriously inaugurated by a performance of "Parsifal." The second evening, apart from other operas, I had a choice between Goethe's "Faust" and two plays by Strindberg. I chose Strindberg and was compensated for the acidity of his spleen by the well-nigh cruel perfection of the acting, and by reading between the acts a Shakespeare program, the gift of the management, containing essays on Shakespeare by half a dozen writers from Herder to Emerson with several of the sonnets in translation. The third evening, I had a choice between Hebbel and Schiller and a modernization of a fifteenth-century French passion play, Greban's "Christ." I chose the "Christ," chiefly because I wanted to compare its compact artistic effect with that of an indigenous passion play which was to be produced a few days later as an open-air performance on the banks of the Isar. I had to rub my eyes to make sure that all these things were really happening in the same Munich where the Spartacists had indulged in their wildest orgies. And I could not repress my sense of pride that my old university town, undisturbed by the stupid ostracism of German art in other countries, had preserved the best traditions of German literary cosmopolitanism.

The climax, however, of these aesthetic experiences was reached in the "Kieler Herbstwoche für Kunst und Wissenschaft," September 11-19. Being myself a native of Kiel, I could feel with particular vividness the tragedy of the city's recent history, from the beginning of the revolution in her harbor to the dismantling of her forts, the surrender of her floating docks and the destruction of the whole fleet that was once her pride. In the midst of all this gloom, a deliberate and determined resolution was made some months ago to open a new and hopeful chapter in the city's history. Kiel, the ruined naval station, was to be replaced by an enlarged intellectual Kiel, the university town. And to accentuate this new departure, to signalize it by a worthy symbolic act, a new "Kiel Week" was planned, not a week of naval displays and diplomatic dinners and dances, but a week of scholarly discussions and lectures, of choice performances, of dramatic and operatic masterpieces, of symphony concerts and song festivals.

The initial impulse came from Professor Harms, director of the "Institut für Seeverkehr und Weltwirtschaft." His idea proved infectious beyond all expectation. It was taken up by all the political parties of the town, from ultra-conservatives to ultra-radicals; the city government pledged its financial support and from all over Germany came messages of approval and support. The result was that for a week in mid-September there were assembled in the old city representative men from German universities; some of the foremost actors, singers, and conductors from the leading Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Frankfort, and Munich theaters; deputations from other city governments; and throngs of visitors from every town and village of Schleswig and Holstein, while the national character of the demonstration was emphasized by the presence of the correspondents of all the great German dailies. Of foreign papers, to be sure, only the Milan *Secolo* had sent a special reporter. The outward aspects of the city during those days was such that one felt transported back to the days of the old "Kiel Week." The same festive displays were in the shops, the same flags hung from every house and steeple, the same gay crowds filled the streets. Only the complete absence of uniforms, the stillness of the harbor, and the towering hulk of the last huge floating dock ready to be towed away reminded one of the tragedy underlying it all.

Addresses by men like Einstein, Zittelmann, Oncken, Köster, and Kerschensteiner; operas such as "Die Meistersinger" and "Tristan und Isolde"; dramas such as Hauptmann's "Weber," Schiller's "Räuber," Byron's "Manfred," Björnson's "Ueber unsre Kraft," and, in addition, Low German plays of great diversity of scope and appeal; Beethoven's Ninth and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony; Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung"; an open air concert in front of the city hall by the combined singing societies of greater Kiel furnished numerous stirring sensations for the participants of this festive week.

Indeed the whole week was unforgettable. It was one long apotheosis of the spirit. No one could leave Kiel after that week without feeling that there was no need to despair of the German people. If on the very spot where, two years before, the political collapse of Germany had assumed its most striking and threatening form, a celebration of such grandeur, massiveness, and loftiness of mind could be carried through, one was tempted to bless the misfortune that led to such an inner purging and heightening of purpose. And the paradox of old Sebastian Franck so often confirmed in the history of nations acquires a new meaning, "Victory is with the defeated."

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The Nonpartisan League Defeated

By C. R. JOHNSON

THE tide of public opinion has turned and the Nonpartisan League, on the whole the most hopeful democratic movement in the Northwest for a generation, has gone down to defeat. The disaster was more sweeping than either friend or foe had anticipated. In Minnesota not a single State office was carried by the League in this election, although it has apparently held its own in the State legislature. In Montana and Colorado, where it had secured control of the Democratic Party, it was completely routed by the Republicans. In Wisconsin, its candidate, J. J. Blaine, was elected governor, but his election was due much more to the backing of Senator La Follette than to the League. In North Dakota apparently only the fact that the League held control of the Republican Party in a presidential year saved it from being wiped off the map. As it is, the League has lost three out of nine State officials and fifty per cent of its representatives in Congress. They have retained only a majority of one in the North Dakota Senate and at this writing appear to have lost control of the lower house.

The one conspicuous gain of the League was the election of a United States senator, President Ladd of North Dakota Agricultural College. Senator Ladd's ability and record of distinguished service will place him immediately beside La Follette, Borah, and other liberal leaders in the Senate. In him the farmers of the country will have for the first time a representative in Congress who is honest, who understands their problems, and who is scientific as well as sympathetic. The League might well trade all the rest of its national prospects for one spokesman of such promise.

It remains true, however, that even with Dr. Ladd elected, the League was defeated. Besides the unpopularity of the present Administration which brought about the Republican landslide, there was a strong bi-partisan combination against the League in those States where it was in control or seeking to gain control. Conservatives of both old parties combined cheerfully to beat the League as they did to beat the Socialists in New York City, with the result that in North Dakota, Governor Frazier was returned by a smaller majority than two years ago, although the women had increased the number of voters by more than half. Even if these handicaps had not existed the women's votes would still have defeated the League. Everywhere one hears the conservatives saying, "It was the women who saved the day." And the liberals are recovering sufficiently from their dream of rescue by the newly emancipated half of the human race, for whom they had worked so long, to admit that the joke is on them. The part of the women in defeating liberalism in the Northwest was not so obviously antagonistic, however, as this might seem to imply. It consisted very largely of the failure of certain groups of women to register in the primaries and to vote. In the country districts and the labor wards of the cities the women failed to take any adequate interest in the election, while in the country towns and the well-to-do districts of the cities they registered and voted shoulder to shoulder with the men. In the eighth ward, the most aristocratic in Minneapolis, 12,684 men and 12,803 women registered. In the first ward which is liberal and radical 3,202 men and 1,396 women voted. Even the actual excess of men over women in the workers' wards, is slight in comparison with the excess in registration. And these figures may be considered typical. Then, too, suffrage workers remember that many of the women in the labor ward, mainly those of foreign birth, were not interested in securing the vote, and more often their husbands and brothers objected to their having it. Thus enough votes were lost through default on November 2 to turn the election against the liberals and the defeat has been so decisive that many friends of the League doubt if it can ever come back, even when there is no presidential campaign or obnoxious presidential program, like the League of Nations, to confuse the local issues. Moreover, the bi-partisan alliance between regular Republicans and Democrats against the League in the Northwest will grow stronger.

For the present the Nonpartisan League efforts at a legislative program must be confined to North Dakota and Wisconsin. The programs of the Republican Party in Wisconsin will show little identification with the League in name, however much there may be in spirit. Consequently the burden of keeping the League movement alive must rest upon North Dakota. Enough of the old organization remains in power in that State—especially the governor and the commissioners of agriculture and labor, who constitute a majority on the Industrial Commission—to maintain the present policy intact. The League majority in the State Senate will be able to neutralize the anti-League majority in the lower house in any attempt to legislate the League program out of existence. The future of the League depends upon how successful the present administration is in making the present program a success which will be recognized at home and abroad. If it wins the approval for its achievements, the League can hope to come back at the polls in other States in 1922. Two years is not a long period in which to mature a complicated industrial and social program, but it is perhaps not an impossible task to perform. And in the next two years the atmosphere will have cleared somewhat. By that time the reaction against Republican bourbonism will be in full swing. By that time possibly, the mass of newspaper falsification and innuendo will have betrayed itself in the light of counter-publicity. Also Townley may no longer be an issue. Perhaps—although this is a perennial hope of liberals, never fully realized—the public intelligence on economic and political issues will have improved to such an extent that it will be swayed less by innuendo and shibboleth and more by fact and reason. The League itself will have opportunity to become chastened by two lean years—if indeed it does not perish. It has been guilty of many political sins—borrowed from its opponents in self-defense, to be sure—but sins which have offended the popular conscience, which is ever more alert than the popular understanding.

Contributors to This Issue

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Our Failure in Haiti

By MEDILL McCORMICK

THE Haitian scandal is the fruit of that exquisite hypocrisy which has peculiarly characterized the present Administration, and of the canting inefficiency which has marked the conduct of the Navy Department during the last several years. We subjugated the people of Haiti and of Santo Domingo by force of arms. We might say we had conquered them, were it not true that they remain independent in law if not in fact, and that they made no united or effective resistance to the occupying forces of the American navy. There was no reason for the Haitians to resist. They had suffered too much at the hands of the native factions warring for the control of the Government to apprehend any worse government at the hands of a foreign power. They were powerless to resist if they had cared to do so, for they numbered only two or two and a half millions—primitive African peasants who have managed to live and to multiply despite the anarchy into which their country had fallen. I can no longer remember the number of forays—miscalled revolutions—by which the Haitian presidential succession is carried on, but I vividly recall the remark of Furniss, the able and intelligent colored American who once represented the United States as Minister resident in Port au Prince, that the Government of the Haitians, since the beginning of their independence, had not gone from bad to worse, but from worse to still worse. In the interior of both countries there were no roads, no effective police—no government, really.

It is the judgment of men more experienced and better informed than myself, that the island is the richest of the Antilles and that it will produce sugar in competition with Cuba, coffee in competition with Porto Rico, and cacao in competition with any country in the world.

My own opinion as to our duty in Haiti and in Santo Domingo, and our failure in the discharge thereof, doubtless differs from that of the Editor of *The Nation*. An inestimable benefit can accrue to the Dominican and the Haitian people from an American occupation, wisely conceived and developed in a spirit of generous sympathy with the people of the island. It is our duty to develop their political capacity and to increase their individual economic welfare. I do not want to pass judgment at this time on the action of the Marine Corps in Haiti. There should be a searching investigation of the charges made against the corps and individual officers, and prosecution should be instituted if the facts call for it. The policy or the want of policy of the Administration and the Navy Department is condemned already. We have seized control of Haiti and Santo Domingo and of their administration. Indeed, in Santo Domingo there is not even a Dominican president. The constitutional legislatures of the two countries are not functioning even by fiction, as the Egyptian Assembly was permitted to function under the British occupation. We took over the Government of the two countries but in return set up no responsible authority—responsible in law, responsible in fact—either to the peoples of the island or to public opinion in the United States. A government of anomalies, such as exists in Santo Domingo or Haiti, one which lives by the very contradictions of its being, one which asserts the present sovereignty of the quondam republics while it denies its actuality, ought to be staffed by able and experienced men and guided by a definite political and economic policy. In Haiti we have a Minister Plenipotentiary, Mr. Bailly-Blanchard, and a fiscal adviser, Mr. McIlhenny, both of Louisiana, both socially attractive and personally charming, but how otherwise qualified to meet the difficulties of their posts I am not informed. There is beside, and independent of them, the Commandant of Marines. Who is responsible in Haiti, as Cromer was in Egypt, or as Wood and Taft were in Cuba and the Philippines, or as Lyautey was in Morocco? Who in Santo Domingo is responsible for a fiscal policy which in an era of eight per cent interest prefers to anticipate the payment of the national debt instead of reducing the burden of taxation and more especially the Dominican tariff? Who in Haiti is there who may be punished for authorizing the *corvée*, and severely punished therefore, because it was an error of judgment criminal in its consequences? Who was responsible for the want of any comprehensive agricultural policy in the two so-called republics, for the failure to take adequate steps to improve the live stock of the island or to increase the numbers of swine, cattle, and draft animals? There are officers in Haiti and Santo Domingo who have failed in their duty from incompetence or want of experience, and I am afraid there are others who have abused their powers. But the gross failure, the real culpability, is that of the Secretary of the Navy and the President of the United States, who together failed to vest in a single responsible officer in each of the countries the authority to speak for the United States in all matters, fiscal, military, political, or diplomatic. Theirs is the responsibility not only for the failure to appoint an officer with the necessary powers, but furthermore, for the failure to lay down such a policy as would conduce to the preservation of human life and to the assurance of civil peace through energetic development of the trade and the agriculture of the island.

We are there, and in my judgment we ought to stay there for twenty years. We ought to bear in mind that, now disgraced by our failure to make wise provision for the government of the island, and profiting by the bitter lesson of the British failure to attend to the development of political institutions in Egypt, we should formulate a truly constructive policy under a new administration. The island is very rich. While Haiti is thickly settled, the population in many parts of Santo Domingo is sparse. A plan must be worked out for their economic interdependence. There must be adequate provision to protect the people in the possession of the land. It is not enough to build roads for them. They must be taught to raise better crops. The admirable work which I believe has been done for the schooling of the Dominican children must be extended to Haiti so that in both countries a literate population may grow up to succeed the present illiterate generation. The American advisers necessary to the proper conduct of the several departments, and indeed all the American officers sent to the two countries, must be men who are keenly sympathetic with the purpose to develop the country, the Government, and above all, the civilization of the people of whom the overwhelming majority have African blood in their veins and who in Haiti are almost full-blooded Africans. They are a generous, courteous, hospitable people, Dominicans and Haitians alike, or at least, so I have found them. The Haitian peasant, among the West Indian Negroes, bears an enviable reputation as a laborer. They are poor and of some of them it

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may be truly said that they are barbarous rather than civilized. In parts of the interior of Haiti it was possible a few years ago to see men and women naked at their work. At that time, too, bandit barons lived in strongholds on the Dominican side of the frontier. There were voodoo priests and priestesses, papa-loi and mama-loi, voodoo groves which any inquisitive traveler might visit, voodoo feasts and voodoo sacrifices, voodoo orgies terminating, I am afraid, some of them in a cannibalistic climax. Here is a field of labor not only for government. We have been sending missionaries to Africa and to Asia. Our self-constituted spokesman undertook to assume for the American people part of the burden of government in the Saar Valley, and a share in the responsibility for the government of Danzig, and through mandatories for the government of Mesopotamia and Syria. Here at our own doors we have a task calling for the most devoted missionary effort to supplement what may be done through government agencies and to assure the presence in Santo Domingo and Haiti of fearless and intelligent critics of whatever may be misdone there.

There is a need for merchants, for telegraph and cable facilities, for regular shipping. Private enterprise ought to march with the enlightened "occupation" under a new administration. We are proud of our service to Cuba. There is a greater service to be rendered and as great a harvest to be gathered in Haiti and Santo Domingo.

[*The Nation* is glad to print Senator McCormick's views upon the Haitian question. Senator McCormick was one of the first to protest against the atrocities which have been committed in the name of America in Haiti and in Santo Domingo, and he has always insisted that a full and impartial investigation of the facts, other than that of an admirals' court, is a necessity. But we feel that Senator McCormick is misinformed on Haitian history. And when he suggests that the "gross failure and the real culpability" lie in the failure of the Democratic Administration to vest all power in Haiti and Santo Domingo in a "single responsible officer," a virtual dictator, *The Nation* must part company with him. The gross culpability, the editors of *The Nation* believe, lies in the fact of our alien occupation rather than in the details of Democratic maladministration. They are not convinced that Republican administration will solve the problem; they do not believe that we should stay in Haiti for twenty years. Nor can they agree with Senator McCormick's description of the Haitians as "primitive African peasants who have managed to live and to multiply despite the anarchy into which their country had fallen." Many Haitians are primitive, but the nation which built the splendid Gothic cathedral in Port-au-Prince in the years 1903-12 cannot be described as "barbarous." There has been voodooism in Haiti just as there has been lynching and as there is superstition and degeneracy in parts of the United States.

There has been occasional anarchy in Haiti, but never such general anarchy as since the American occupation; it is generally believed that at least some of the Haitian revolutions were aided by capital from the civilized United States; and Haiti, unlike some of our own Southern States who have repudiated their financial obligations, has never defaulted her national debt until her finances were put in the charge of the "socially attractive" Americans whom Senator McCormick so accurately describes.

It is true that the potential riches of Haiti and Santo Domingo in sugar and coffee and cacao are very great, and that the native governments have not exploited them as they have been exploited under American administration. But "energetic development of trade and agriculture" is not always an unmixed benefit for the citizens of tropic countries, and *The Nation* is far from certain that such development by Republicans would differ very widely from such development by Democrats. If the Haitians and Dominicans prefer to go slow, *The Nation* believes it is for them and not for American business men or statesmen to decide.

The Nation does not accept the "manifest destiny" of the United States to rule the Caribbean; it does not believe that our superior material civilization gives us an inherent right to interfere in and rearrange the affairs of small republics near our borders. We entered Haiti and Santo Domingo uninvited, and have ruled by right of superior force; and in the course of our rule we have committed unspeakable atrocities. Severe punishment of isolated officers responsible for excesses does not restore to life the three thousand Haitians killed nor rebuild burned villages. We owe the Haitians and Dominicans, not twenty years more of alien rule, not an increase in the number of swine and draft animals, or even more good roads built with conscripted native labor; we owe them retirement, apology, reparation, and temporary aid in the process of rebuilding the institutions of self-government which we have torn down.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is obliged to confess that what with the elections and the coal shortage he has not been following college football news as carefully this autumn as one should who pretends to an interest in the intellectual life of the coming generation. Thus it had escaped his notice until the Yale-Princeton game that the captains of the rival elevens were brothers—Tim and Mike Callahan. The Drifter does not know how this came about. If they were girls he would surmise that blue was becoming to one and orange and black to the other. As it is, he hazards a guess—a guess only, mind you—that both were renowned players in their high school days and that both were determined to captain a famous university eleven. As there is only one captain per team per university, they presumably flipped a penny to decide who should specialize in pre-Raphaelite art at New Haven and who should major in the Lake School poets in New Jersey. And having hazarded this guess, the Drifter calmly awaits until some learned undergraduate writes to tell him he is asininely wrong.

* * * * *

BUT interesting as was this meeting of two brothers as captains of rival teams in the Yale-Princeton game, there was an added thrill in reading that the mother of the Tim-Mike two was present at the contest to rejoice in the brawn and glory of her sons. The Drifter is not of the opinion of some of the newspaper correspondents that Mrs. Callahan must have been torn with doubt as to where and how to place her sympathies. If she is the kind of mother he believes her to be, she did not know what it meant for Princeton to be on Yale's 25-yard line, or who gained most on an exchange of punts, and had to ask at the end of the game who won—and didn't care anyhow. But the Drifter is always mightily pleased when some obscure woman like Mrs. Callahan comes into notice through the reputation of a son. It is proverbial that the honors of this world go much by luck and much by bunk. The public adulation of the son may or may not be deserved; the honor reflected on the mother cannot well be misplaced. But here again the Drifter expects some learned undergraduate to point out by Psychology 2a that he is ridiculously in error.

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ONE word more on the name of Callahan. In looking over the line-up for the Yale-Princeton game one observes that eight of the twenty-two names are unmistakably Irish. America likes to call herself a melting pot and to point out how all the races are mingling in her activities, but somehow the Irish continue to dominate in their chosen fields despite their diminishing proportion in the total number of inhabitants. It is true that in the once sacrosanct domain of municipal politics they have suffered some inroads, but it is pleasant to note that in this hour when Erin is so hard pressed at home her emigrant sons stalk so numerously and imperiously among the demi-gods of two of our oldest and most aristocratic universities.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

From a Great-Great Grandson of Thomas Addis Emmet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an American who, coming from a family of Irish patriots, has been inspired throughout his life with the ideals of Irish freedom, I beg to protest against statements made in an article under the title, The Soul of MacSwiney, in the November 3 issue of *The Nation*. I do not seek to justify British misrule in Ireland, or the shocking reprisals which have been put into practice by British mercenary soldiers—these are things which cannot be justified by anyone under any circumstances whatsoever—but I do believe that MacSwiney's death has done an incalculable amount of harm to the cause of Irish liberty; and, for this reason, my admiration for his great bravery and steadfastness gives way to condemnation of his stupidity. Your article says that he gave "his life for his country more truly, more nobly, with rarer devotion than any soldier that ever wore His Majesty's uniform. For there is no blood guilt upon him; no stain upon his hands. Once more passive resistance, most deadly of weapons, has triumphed." MacSwiney did not die with "no blood guilt upon him." The cause he served was one of lawlessness, of terrorism, of anarchy, of murder—and whether or not he ever killed with his own hands, he countenanced murder and connived with those who committed murder; and this at a time when reprisals were unheard of in Ireland. "Passive resistance" has never been a prominent feature of Sinn Fein policy, and MacSwiney died that Sinn Fein might be justified in the eyes of the world.

There were many loyal Irishmen who wore His Majesty's uniform in the Irish Guards, the Dublin Fusileers, and other distinguished regiments, who went out to battle with faith in their hearts, and died, because this faith was strong. The sacrifice that these Irishmen made has been repudiated by MacSwiney and the rest of Sinn Fein, and their ideals set at naught; but each one of them, by his devotion and his loyalty, did more to impress the world with the justice of the Irish cause than could a thousand suicides in Brixton prison. Even though they did not get as much publicity for their deaths as did MacSwiney, their silent voices are heard by those who lend a deaf ear to the vociferous hatred of Sinn Fein. Finally, in respect to those who revere Robert Emmet's memory, and the exalted cause for which he died, I ask that you retract the imputation that Terence MacSwiney will live beside him "in the hearts of generations yet unborn."

If you will take the trouble to review the records of Emmet's words and deeds, and compare them with the words and deeds of Terence MacSwiney, you will find that the two men set themselves very different ideals to live for and die for. Emmet, who represented a United Ireland, was supported by Catholics and Protestants in equal proportions, by the North of Ireland and the South as well. Moreover, he and his fellow members of the Union had a definite, sound, sane plan of government to give to Ireland. MacSwiney gave his life in order that British mis-rule be supplanted with Sinn Fein mis-rule. Permit me to add that all Americans of Irish descent look with hope toward the commission which has been assembled through your efforts to investigate the present unhappy situation. The Irish question has hitherto been debated in America in nothing more dignified than street brawls, and it is high time that it receive some intelligent, non-partisan consideration.

New York, November 18 ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD

[With all respect, we cannot grant that Mr. Sherwood's characterization of Sinn Fein, or the present situation, is correct.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Suggestions from Ireland

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Irishmen cannot but be grateful to you for the generous defense which your journal gives to their cause and for the inquiry which you have started. There is, moreover, a very practical thing which American cities can just now do—adopt the various towns or villages which have suffered serious destruction at the hands of the British military forces. I inclose a map reproduced in this day's *Irish Independent* which shows the location of these places. The only case we have yet heard of is that of Balbriggan adopted by Philadelphia.

Another suggestion. I have just received from a distinguished New York doctor a short article on The Rockefeller Foundation. The seal of the foundation bears the motto "The Well-being of Mankind throughout the World." Owing to the action of the British Government in withdrawing money grants, the Dublin Municipal Council was on the point of closing all its tuberculosis sanatoria for want of funds. Few countries in the world suffer as much as Ireland from tuberculosis. If the Rockefeller Foundation works for the well-being of mankind throughout the world, then we think that Ireland has some claims to its consideration. It is a sad fact that wealthy Irish-Americans have never done anything really big for the mother-country, if we except the solitary instance of Mr. Henry Ford. No highly civilized country in the world is so denuded of industries as Ireland. Captains of industry are what we need and these America can supply. Although as long as what is built up today may be pulled down tomorrow by British military forces, you cannot expect men to invest capital in Irish industries.

Dublin, October 28 P. J. CONNOLLY

Democracy Worthy of the Name

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the current number of *The Nation* Faith Adams paints an accurate picture of the condition under which colored Americans, whether "middle-class" or not, generally spend their lives—especially if they are parents. It is only too true that our children often have the consciousness of color forced on them at an early age through the unfairness or cruelty of white neighbors, teachers, or playmates. There is one place in America, however, where colored children enjoy with white "the freedom and unconsciousness of normal happy childhood."

At the Ethical Culture School in New York City colored children have been and are freely admitted, in some cases on scholarships. They share fully and happily in all school activities, excursions, and honors, and have frequently held important class offices and membership on school and class teams. The attitude maintained by this splendid school against the tide of race prejudice—it is to my knowledge the only high-grade private school where a colored child can receive a liberal education from kindergarten age through high school—should be more widely known both to white and colored people.

New York, November 8 AURELIA H. BIRD

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Five Poems of Rainer Maria Rilke

Translated by LUDWIG LEWISOHN

I. The Seer

I see what storms of trees have made,
That in the somber days unended
Against my glimmering panes descended;
I hear far things half comprehended
That I cannot endure unfriended,
Nor love without a sister's aid.

The storm, a strange creator, falters
Through world and heath and time and fate,
And all is ageless that he alters:
The landscape like the eternal Psalter's
Verses in sternness and in weight.

Petty is all wherewith we have striven,
What strives with us austere and great;
Had we like to the dumb things given
Ourselves by stormwinds to be driven
Our lives were wide and without date.

What we o'ercome is the diurnal,
Even our successes make us small.
The unaccustomed and eternal
Will not bow down to us at all.
It is that Angel who contended
With warriors in old histories,
Who felt his adversary straining
With sinews that, like metal, gaining
Tautness, beneath his hands extended
To harp-strings of deep harmonies.

Whom this great Angel overcame
That oft the humbler foe rejected,
In light and righteousness erected
From that stern hand goes forth his frame
By molding as of God completed.
No victories can set him free.
His triumph is to be defeated
By ever loftier powers than he.

II. The Boy Dreams

Oh I should love to be like one of those
Who through the night on tameless horses ride
With torches like disheveled tresses wide
Which the great wind of gallop streaming blows.
And I would stand as on a shallop's prow,
Slender and tall and like a banner rolled,
Dark but for helmeting of ruddy gold
That glints and gleams. Behind me in a row
Ten men who from the equal darkness glow
With helmets of the changeful gold designed,
Now clear as glass, now dark and old and blind.
And one by me blows me a dream of space
Upon a trumpet glittering that cries,
Or makes a solitary blackness rise
Through which we speed in visionary race;
The houses slant behind us to their knees,
The crooked streets to meet us bend and strain,
The squares flee from us, but we grapple these,
And still our horses rustle like the rain.

III. Prayer of the Virgins

Behold, our days are so oppressed,
Our nights so full of dread,
We reach in awkward, white unrest
Unto thy roses red.

Mary, thou must be mild to us,
For from thy blood we spring,
And thou alone hast knowledge of
Our longing's bitter sting.

Didst thou not feel this virgin woe
In thy own soul the same?
It seems as chill as Christmas snow
And is one flame—one flame.

IV. Concerning Great Cities

Lo, Lord, the crowded cities be
Desolate and divided places.
Flight as from flame upon their ways is,
And comfortless of any graces
Their little time fades utterly.

Men who dwell in them heavy and humbly move
About dark rooms with dread in all their bearing,
Less than the flocks of spring in fire and daring,
And somewhere breathes and watches earth for faring,
But they are here and do not know thereof.

And children grow up where the shadows falling
From wall and window have the light exiled,
And know not that the flowers of earth are calling
Unto a day of distance, wind and wild—
And every child must be a saddened child.

There blossom virgins to the unknown turning
And for their childhood's faded rest are fain,
And never find for what their soul is burning,
And trembling close their timid buds again.
And bear in chambers shadowed and unsleeping
The days of disappointed motherhood
And the long night's involuntary weeping
And the cold years devoid of glow or good.
In utter darkness stand their deathbeds lowly
For which through creeping years the gray heart pants—
They die as though in chains, and dying slowly,
Go forth from life in guise of mendicants.

V. A Song of Love

How shall I guard my soul so that it be
Touched not by thine? And how shall it be brought,
Lifted above thee, unto other things?
Ah, gladly would I hide it utterly
Lost in the dark where are no murmurings,
In strange and silent places that do not
Vibrate when thy deep soul quivers and sings.
But all that touches us two makes us twin,
Even as the bow crossing the violin
Draws but one voice from the two strings that meet.
Upon what instrument are we two spanned?
And what great player has us in his hand?
O song most sweet.

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Books

Randolph Bourne

The History of a Literary Radical and Other Essays. By Randolph Bourne. B. W. Huebsch.

IT was appropriate, though tragic, that Randolph Bourne should have died when he was only thirty-two years old. It is hard to conceive what he would have made of age. Every page of "The History of a Literary Radical" sets free the secret of his heart: he was in love with youth, he trusted it, laid burdens on it, shook his finger at its enemies—and then died before age could catch him away from it. If he idealized youth, he also helped to make youth fit his ideals; no one who knew him could have failed to meet and be stirred by his demand for those qualities with which he had helped to endow his generation. He demanded pride and profanity, understanding and discrimination, honesty, humor, unsentimental self-inspection. He never corrupted youth by his love for it; he summoned it rather to a rigorous life of adventurous thought and action.

No one who reads this collection of essays and sketches can fail to catch the same summons. Randolph Bourne refuses to accept the old faiths, the old restrictions and moralities, and to lend his pen, after the manner of some clever essayists, to the task of fashioning them into something more free and youthful; instead he cleanly rejects them on behalf of himself and his time. If he brings his young intellectual, Miro—the subject of the title essay—to an acceptance of the classical spirit, it is by an arduous process of rejection, experimentation, nihilism, and search for the truth. And the classicism that Miro finds in the end is something different from that body of syntax that he climbed over to get into college; it is nothing less than a combination of "power with restraint, vitality with harmony, a fusion of intellect and feeling, and a keen sense of the artistic conscience."

The American university, with its futility and its appalling accumulation of unused raw material, holds the author almost too close; but this is because of his larger preoccupation with the whole problem of American culture. To cure the intellectual impotency with which he sees America afflicted, he prescribes a new confidence in the creative capacity of the country, which the university does so much to depress, and "the cultivation of a new American nationalism." He demands an end of that "groveling humility" which has made American culture a feeble imitation of the culture of Europe. A sense of virility is needed to produce the actual fruits of virility. The result of this heightened national consciousness and self-confidence will not be a new, indigenous culture. Such a result, he believes, would be impossible in a country of immigrants. The opportunity Bourne offers the "younger intelligentsia" of America is the opportunity to produce an international nation into whose fabric alien cultures shall weave their vivid strands, a place where many nations may live side by side and gradually become integrated (as he would say) rather than assimilated.

If the heavy hand of the elder generation, in and out of the universities, muffles the young talent of the United States, it weighs no less heavily on the political life of the country. It has popularized a belief in the efficacy of personal virtue to scare away social ills. It invented the theory of "the good man in office." It has exalted the "liberal" ideal. It perpetuates Puritanism to the very death of freedom. With profound confidence, Randolph Bourne sets forth to exorcise the demon of Puritanism in religion, and with a sort of pagan magic he succeeds in abolishing Protestantism with Catholicism and Catholicism with itself; but religion as an impelling impulse he holds to and identifies with that modern "idealism which merges us with the growing end we wish to achieve."

Randolph Bourne plunges into the intricate world of personal relations with even more sureness than he displays in the political field and in his more abstract philosophizing. His sketches of Karen and Sophronisba and Mon Amie are charming ends in themselves, not vehicles for social satire like The Professor and One of Our Conquerors. A rare quality of straightforward friendliness sets him free, in these literary intimacies with women, from all the temptations to absurdity or self-consciousness that beset most writers who go in for the popular art of "understanding women." The fragment of a novel that closes the book is the report of an excursion into a child's world that somehow fails to live up to the promise of delight suggested in the earlier essay on Ernest. The excursion evidently yielded a tremendous amount of scientific data, and the explorer's report is a perfect objective picture of a little boy's world, but it lacks the touch needed to make it live. Gilbert is a small, lonely shadow in a sad and rather terrifying and ghostly world.

It is impossible, in spite of all that makes it valuable, to read this book without a final sense of disappointment. Randolph Bourne's interests were as wide as the world; his views were true and tempered; his style is simple, and it is effective chiefly because the words he uses are wise and exact rather than original; but his appeal, after all, is very narrow. He is the pure intellectual addressing the "younger intelligentsia," and his exclusiveness gradually becomes slightly tiresome even as the phrase quoted becomes irritating. Freedom and intellectual adventure, the overthrow of the Puritan, the exorcism of dogma, the approach of social equality—these things Randolph Bourne demanded; but how far will they be accomplished by the cerebrations of his young intellectual? They are being brought about partly by forces as unconscious if not as gradual as those that direct geologic change, partly by the terrific effort and groping desire of men who have little time to think in lucid periods. Perhaps Randolph Bourne would admit this to be true; yet one misses in his book an appreciation of the significance of the unintellectual majority.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Reviving John Dryden

The Poetry of John Dryden. By Mark Van Doren. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

GLORIOUS John Dryden's original success, his almost undisputed sway over English poetry from the Restoration till his death in 1700, was due to the immense versatility of the man and to the congeniality between him and the hour. His reputation as a master of versification was partly eclipsed in the century after his death by the careful felicity of his successor and disciple Pope, who exhausted the possibilities of refining the inherited poetical instrument. His position was overshadowed further by the eminence, steadily increasing, of Milton, who had produced his belated masterpieces among the Philistines. The insurrection led by Joseph Warton and the eighteenth century romanticists established a new dynasty, which throughout the nineteenth century looked upon both Dryden and Pope as usurpers, and sought to represent the entire period between Milton and Wordsworth as a poetically unfortunate interlude.

When criticism sobered, after its romantic intoxication, some concessions were made to the judgment of our ancestors. It was admitted that Dryden was an able man of letters, an interesting playwright, a facile translator, a stunning satirist, an ingenious metrist, possessor of an unprecedented literary manner, urbane and gracious, and master of a prose style singularly lithe, sinewy, racy, and idiomatic. In a burst of faintly malicious magnanimity, Matthew Arnold conceded that Dryden was the founder, the puissant and splendid founder, of our modern prose. He conceded everything—but that Dryden was a poet.

Is the present a favorable moment for reopening that aspect of the case? In one respect, it is extraordinarily favorable. The whirligig of time has swung us around to a point of view not altogether remote from that where Dryden flourished, so that the scholar who seeks to revive the poet is not obliged also

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to revive the audience which relished him. It is here. It is waiting for such a man to express its spleen. The state of public feeling today is so nearly attuned to the Restoration that if, out of the forcing-beds of contemporary verse, there should arise some talent capable of Doeg, Og, Zimri, and Achitophel, we would hail him as the most splendid and powerful of poets.

After some years of intense political excitement and of Puritanic enthusiasm for the radical reformation of the world, we are entering, cynical, disillusioned, weary, like Dryden at the outset of his career, upon an age of reaction, upon a return to "normalcy," upon a settlement in the conviction that "righteousness" has nothing to do with this world, and that we have nothing to do with any other. We have outlived our age of Tennyson and Wilson, Knight of the Grail, as Dryden outlived his Milton and Cromwell, his Knight of the Grail. Our Samuel Butler has ridiculed the art and science of our times as Dryden's Samuel Butler ridiculed the art and letters of his times. Long years of strife have persuaded us, as they persuaded Hobbes, that man has no instinct for decency, that his natural condition is "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short," and that his natural tendency is further to abridge and brutalize his earthly sojourn by warring on his fellows.

In our fatigue and disgust with the burst bubbles of "idealism," we are ready, as Dryden's age was, to found our social philosophy flatly, solidly, sordidly in self-interest. Like Dryden, we are at heart resolutely, or rather jauntily and wantonly, materialistic, paying lip-service only to conventions and traditions, while conscious that we are assistants and spectators "at a death." We have our Freudians and our physiological-psychologists, as Dryden had his Hobbes and his Locke, assuring us that there is nothing in the mind which was not first in the senses. To the senses in our time, as in his, this teaching has proved most flattering and stimulating. Our poets, our novelists, and our dressmakers have caught up the cry of the philosophers till for us, as for Dryden, what was once a theory is now a condition: there is nothing presented to our minds which has not first like a gadfly stung some one's senses.

The spiritual incapacities which follow the embrace of a sensual philosophy, we share with Dryden. We are incapable of purely imaginative creation, we shun sublimity and pathos, we know nothing of the love that has wings or of the beauty that fills the heart with awe, and we have lost the singing voice. The lyrical lark rarely mounts to her watch tower in the skies. Pegasus has become an ambling, shambling road horse, safe now for man, woman, or child to drive. In all these respects, as one of our Chicago poets might say, "we have nothing on Dryden." We should be able, therefore, to respect him, perhaps even to look up a bit to him, as Keats, Shelley, and Arnold could not. We should at any rate be able to regard him as a poetical equal and to assure him at his revival a congenial hour.

We have many positive interests in common: our inexhaustible appetite for books, our curiosity about men and women, our endless delight in talk, our amiably contemptuous attitude towards our fair pursuers, our generally slighting opinion of human nature, and our taste, if not talent, for raillery and satire. Put Dryden and Butler of "Hudibras" and Pope on a big settee; draw up around them a circle of our nonchalant youth talking with experienced disdain of the "flappers," the philosophers, the "lounge lizards," and the "parlor snakes" of our polite age; and these old worthies would not long feel "out of it."

There is only one thing that need make us feel uneasy at their apparition: Dryden had a wit which he spent a life time polishing and edging like a Damascus blade, and he prided himself on knowing the difference "betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in the place."

No: there is a second thing which might make us and our poets uneasy, if Dryden were to be plumped into a literary gathering of our day: he understood verse. He had a quite extraordinary knowledge of the art which he professed. Rambling on about his congeniality of spirit and outlook, a subject into which I was led by a fascinating introductory chapter on The Making of the Poet, I have been forgetting Mr. Van Doren's important and rather startling thesis. Here it is: "Dryden is nothing if not a poet's poet, which Lowell denied he was. He is not for philosophers, plainly, or for laymen; he does not move the minds of the few or the hearts of the many. He has tempered not spirits but pens; Lowell notwithstanding, he is as much as Spenser a poet for poets."

I am not quite certain that Mr. Van Doren does not here guiltily and slyly evade the long-standing and perhaps rather silly question whether Dryden was, "in the truest sense," a poet at all. For what he principally demonstrates is that Dryden was a master-craftsman: that he knew at first hand the important examples of all the poetical genres in Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English; that he had mastered in the various languages all the great commentators; that he studied critically, minutely, with professional purpose the works of his English predecessors; that he took up each literary form as it came to him with something of the experimental spirit of an Edison, seeking for a way to improve and perfect it, whether it was heroic play, comedy, epic, fable, satire, essay, epistle, ode, elegy, hymn, or light song; that he was tireless in exploring the mysteries of verbal harmony in vowel and consonantal sequence, caesural pause, cadence, turn, and overflow; that he exemplified in his own productions all the technical felicities that he discovered or devised; and that as completely, perhaps, as is humanly possible, he reduced to a compassable art what had, previous to his rationalistic age, passed generally for the result of special inspiration.

His solicitude for literary traditions and his professional passion for perfecting the vehicle of poetical expression are precisely the aspects of him upon which it is profitable for us to linger. And upon these aspects Mr. Van Doren concentrates his enthusiasm. He has read his English poetry devouringly up to Dryden and down from him, with the purpose of showing from whom the poet received each genre, what he did to each, and what it became in the hands of his successors. Looking before and after, when he comes, for example, to the ode, he runs it back to Pindar and down to Gray; when he treats the satire, he flashes swiftly upon us its evolution; when he treats of the critical prologue, he makes us feel the significance of that development in the age—how it flicked and teased and filliped the wits of the auditors till every playgoer became a critic of the turn of a line. By letting in these sidelights skilfully and relevantly, he manages, without clogging his exposition, to make his discussion of Dryden a compendious history of poetic form.

The effect upon the reader is, as I can testify, almost riotously stimulating. When I had finished with Mr. Van Doren, my appetite for Dryden had been so whipped up that I spent all the next day with my Cambridge edition, experiencing a genuine revival. Looking back, I find that I read the Absalom and Achitophel, portions of The Hind and the Panther, the odes, half a dozen of the fables, a book of the Aeneid and of the Iliad, a couple of satires of Juvenal and of Persius, something of Ovid, Lucretius, Horace, the introduction to the Aeneid, and the great and delectable essay on satire. Here, indeed, was "God's plenty." But Dryden's virtue had not spent itself; and the next day found me pulling out the volumes of my British Poets in pursuit of certain traditions which I followed among half-forgotten authors back to the Elizabethan sweetness of Daniel's Rosamond and to the pungency of Donne's Fourth Elegy. Nor did the zest of this excursion wane till on the third day I had drifted down the stream through Pomfret, Prior, Parnell, Pope, and Savage to Churchill. In a couplet which I lift from the last page of Mr. Van Doren's book, I recommend the trip,

> When tired with following nature, you think fit
> To seek repose in the cool shades of wit.

STUART P. SHERMAN

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Somersaults for God's Sake

Smoke and Steel. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

THOSE persons who profess that it is their obligation, as paragons of culture and possessors of the world's best poetry, to press new poets firmly into place as soon as they arise, are finding it hard, or ought to be finding it hard, to keep Carl Sandburg down. It never was sufficient, though some once thought it so, to dismiss Mr. Sandburg as "a Chicago poet" because he wrote a volume called "Chicago Poems" about hogs and freight and happy Hungarian laborers. Nor was it ever sufficient to call the author of "Cornhuskers" a strident provincial, drunk with the odor of bruised prairie-grass but incapable of the higher, drier, nicer intoxication. It would be wholly absurd now to refer "Smoke and Steel" to Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Gary, Homestead, Braddock, and Birmingham, and to let it go at that. Mr. Sandburg cannot be settled with an epithet or relegated to a parish. With any other language or in any other time he would have been a poet, would have walked the earth with terrible gusto, would have thrust hot speech through the crust of men's silence. In America, in the twentieth century, the force of his personality grows steadily more feelable as the torrent of his expression gains flow and power; it is less and less easy to refrain from watching with him

> The down drop of blackbirds,
> The wing catch of arrested flight,
> The stop midway and then off;
> off for triangles, circles, loops
> of new hieroglyphs. . . .
>
> Who most loves danger? Who most loves
> wings? Who somersaults for God's sake
> in the name of wing power in the sun and
> blue on an April Thursday?

"Smoke and Steel" is longer than either of the earlier volumes, and not so uniformly good. Over many pages, it must be admitted, Mr. Sandburg has rather obviously repeated himself, has put himself through motions that were more profitable once than they are now. His invention occasionally has lagged, and he has had to do research for images. But the book as a whole has great fascination and pull. Mr. Sandburg, now no less than ever, is capable of being terrifically struck by facts. The world for him is knobbed and embossed with significance, is strong with square black iron, is bright with beautiful brass. His relish for existence is matched only by his grim, grinning sense of the shortness of time, the absurdity of man—the very ironic mockery of existence. It is matched, but not overcome. That tumbling familiarity with earth which makes him vivid when he treats of wind and water and wheeling, whitening birds, makes him glorious as well as contemptuous when he criticizes such a quality of men and geese as pride:

> Five geese deploy mysteriously,
> Onward proudly with flagstaffs,
> Hearses with silver bugles,
> Bushels of plum-blossoms dropping
> For ten mystic web-feet—
> Each his own drum-major,
> Each charged with the honor
> Of the ancient goose nation,
> Each with a nose-length surpassing
> The nose-lengths of rival nations.
> Somberly, slowly, unimpeachably,
> Five geese deploy mysteriously.

Technically, Mr. Sandburg is as interesting as any poet alive; for while certain of his effects are cheap and easy to analyze, others are subtle and difficult. Anyone may point out that he is incapable, in fact, of an abstraction; that he achieves irony by laconically paralleling opposites; that he convinces of candor through perpetual questioning and direct address; that he is American in the ruthless, grotesque dispatch of his speech. Not so many readers will be able to explain the genius with which he chooses details, communicates the flavor of postures and movements, compresses worlds within metaphors. None but future students, perhaps, will guess the secret of his long, unpunctuated prose line, the line of Paul Fort in France. That line, easy as it is to read, is anything but easy to write. It is fluid, impetuous, a veritable tidal wave of wrathful or ecstatic recitative; but it is not the utterance of a drunken, heedless man. It is regularly controlled, and the means of its control would be worth knowing.

A Quaker Novel

Hannah Bye. By Harrison Morris. Penn Publishing Company.

MR. MORRIS has chosen not to identify his story with any particular place or period. Readers familiar with the neighborhood of Philadelphia may guess that his primitive Quaker community is situated, say, twenty-five miles east or northeast of Philadelphia on the road to New York; but the situation is immaterial. The author describes a primitive Quaker community such as no longer exists, and he surrounds it with motor flights and cheap cafes and vulgar murders, as described in the day's news of 1920. The mere exterior life of the Bye household is incongruous in the extreme. The actual Quaker communities of a century ago, have long since been invaded from all sides, and Quakers live just as anyone else does, going through the same day's work with the same machinery and in the same cut of clothes as their neighbors. Only in some of their guiding principles touching human relationships and in their private conversations is a radical difference still to be felt.

Mr. Morris's descriptions of the country are sympathetic and reveal an artist's eye; he has handled the Quaker jargon with some success, but not exhaustively or to the complete satisfaction of the insider; Hannah Bye is a very nice young woman. Probably most of our "regional" novels, dealing with the South, the Western frontier, or New England are unsatisfactory to the reader who knows the reality. Any Quaker will, certainly, take exception to the hard, domineering character attributed to Hannah's mother, Deborah Bye. She is not the gentle type of mother in Israel which Quakerism ever produced. The Quaker Meeting for worship is also incongruous, and the dance and its sequel are inappropriately melodramatic. Things do not happen that way among Quaker youth, and never did.

We may venture in this connection to point out some difficulties in the way of him who would write what has long been awaited, the Quaker novel. Weir Mitchell and others have sought a note of romance by fixing their action in time of war; but war and its passions are exceptional and temporary. The normal existence of the Quakers, like that of the Dunkards and Mennonites, is tranquil and monotonous from the standpoint of romance. The more worldly-minded members of the Society marry "out of meeting" and take on the color of other Christian people about them; but they do not elope in racing cars with heroes of the Tenderloin or fight with thugs in cheap cafes. We can see little hope for a true Quaker novel, though our expectation is always pitched high. There are two reasons for our little faith: first, the novelist must be enough "on the inside" to know what he is talking about, and there are no great novelists on the inside; second, the real existence of Quakers is so free from romantic adventure that one must be a realist of exceptional skill to weave a story, as Flaubert or Ferdinand Fabre could do, out of the homespun material at hand. John Woolman's Journal for the eighteenth century and the records of the American Friends' Service Committee during the World War will give more reliable information regarding American Quakerism than all the novels ever devoted to the subject.

W. W. COMFORT

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Books in Brief

THE problem of teachers' pensions has developed an extensive literature of its own during the last fifteen years. Paul Studensky's "Teachers' Pension Systems in the United States" (Appleton) presents a summary of the experience in this field and marks the beginning of a new era. Simple though the underlying principles of pensions are, the history of their development in this country has been characterized by a striking inability to grasp these principles. Mr. Studensky gives an account in the first part of the volume of the evolution of teachers' pensions in the United States and discusses such questions as benefits in cases of superannuation, disability, death, and withdrawal from service, the cost of benefits, contributions, compulsory participation, and the right to management; the second part of the volume is devoted to an analysis of the systems established within the last five years on scientific principles. In his efforts to inculcate the sound principles, Mr. Studensky errs rather on the side of overloading his discussion with too much detail, which for the readers most concerned will probably lead to confusion rather than clarification. It seems unnecessary to devote the best part of the volume to an analysis of the reasons for the failure of the earlier pension systems, more particularly since the reasons were generally the same in all cases —a mixture of philanthropy and undue optimism. While general agreement will be found with the principles of a sound pension system discussed in the volume, Mr. Studensky's acceptance of the salary scale as the basis of the pension considerably diminishes the value of his work. The course of salaries over a period of thirty or forty years cannot be anticipated; in New York State, for example, the average salary of teachers rose from $687 in 1887 to $977 in 1901 and $1,221 in 1916. To employ such a basis not only inevitably involves guess-work, but will necessarily lead to instability and the perodical readjustment of contributions. The pension system established as recently as 1917 for the teachers of New York City is probably out of gear already on account of the recent salary changes. L. Meriam in his "Principles Governing the Retirement of Public Employees" (Appleton), a volume issued like Mr. Studensky's by the Institute for Government Research in its series on Administration, discusses at length four serious objections to the use of the salary scale as a basis for calculating the pension. The student of the subject may be confused by the advocacy of two systems emanating from the same source, but he will not fail to be convinced of the soundness of a system that is based on a constant contribution and that insures to the contributor a pension based on the accumulation with compound interest of his own and his employer's contributions. The next few years will prove the relative soundness of the two systems.

Drama

The Homeless Muse

AMID far-brought subtleties and splendors the mind begins to feel a hunger for the near and known. One cannot live on tinned confections. And every ordinary foreign play assumes that character before it reaches us. Dialogue is the substance of drama and the dialogue of foreign plays undergoes two perilous processes before we hear it from the stage. It is betrayed not only by translation but also by the actors whose souls and the very modulation of whose voices are attuned in a different key. The result is something angular and quaint or merely distorted. One strains for a note of the original amid the hubbub that strikes upon the ear. One catches it and strives to hold it. But at the performance of such plays there can be neither absorption nor release. The vicarious experience is imperfect at

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best; the aesthetic impression is blurred or broken. And all the while meritorious American plays are waiting for production in vain. On the stage as in the study we want primarily that literature of which the critic can say what Martial once said of his own verses:

Hoc lege, quod possit dicere vita "Meum est."

These reflections, it may be said, do not apply to "Heartbreak House" (Garrick Theater). It is brave and beautiful both as art and thought; it was written in English; its purport is of universal validity. All that is true. But from the point of view of the American theater as part of an American civilization, "Heartbreak House" is as unhelpful as the more definitely foreign plays. For on the stage it is thin, silvery, and aloof. The argument does not strike home as it does from the printed page; the texture is seen to be fragile and all but frayed. The weariness and disappointment of Shaw show in the slackening of his once unrivaled dramaturgic energy. The great mind is still there, but the creative vigor is enfeebled. Now the Theater Guild somewhat proudly gives "Heartbreak House" its "world premiere" and counts upon the great and just fame of Shaw for both cash and credit. It is all perfectly natural and perfectly proper. Only, if one's mind happens to be fixed on the American theater, it is a little chill and futile. Bernard Shaw would be the first to see that the American intellectuals who will throng to his play will do so because they themselves are still living in Heartbreak House, "familiar with revolutionary ideas on paper" or on the stage, but quite ready to shudder at the rough surface of reality and at its burning core. America is a country surging with tragic conflicts. Ask a clergyman's son from Mississippi born with a taste for art and freedom, a German-American on a Kansas farmstead, a college professor with an independent mind and a dependent family. But the dwellers in our Heartbreak House applaud Shaw at the Garrick and return to their apartments well pleased at so enlightened an exercise of their aesthetic tastes. Against the production itself nothing is to be urged. It is of a finished excellence. Mr. Lee Simonson's stage-setting is both sober and imaginative; the air raid is a model of what a stage air raid should be. The players are all intelligent and have a touch both delicate and firm. Mr. Duddley Digges is Boss Mangan to the life; Miss Lucille Watson has a deftness of realistic delivery rare on our stage; Mr. Albert Perry makes Captain Shotover as real as rum and as mythical as Jove. It is all superb. Nothing is lacking—except blood, heart, vitals, the sun that burns and the cold that aches and the grief that smites, and earth and the honest winds of heaven.

Managers, now that the war is more or less over, are returning to the recognition that all these qualities are preeminently present in the modern German drama. But their importations are wretched failures. The German drama of the past thirty-five years may well be to us a model and a fructifying influence. It cannot be made a substitute for our own. Honest and exact productions might serve the former purpose; furtive adaptations can serve none at all. Thus "The Mandarin" (Princess Theater) is adapted by Mr. Herman Bernstein from a Viennese play that enjoyed a number of performances at the Kammerspiele in Berlin. The original is evidently, then, no common piece of work. Its central idea is extraordinarily daring and important. But Mr. Bernstein's version is obviously bowdlerized, its English is unidiomatic, and it is given a hundred-per-cent Broadway production. In this hushed world of dim lights and aching nerves Mr. Brandon Tynan plays as though he were still with Mr. Ditrichstein in a cloak and dagger melodrama and a Polish actress superimposes on the inferior translation the strangeness of a Slavic accent.

At the same time those two excellent players, Mary Nash and Jose Ruben, are presented in "Thy Name is Woman" (The Playhouse), by Carl Shoner and B. F. Glazer. Is the first name an Americanized version of Karl Schönherr, the distinguished Austrian dramatist's name, and have the Tyrolese Alps been exchanged for the neutral Pyrenees? The play, at all events, would have been far less exotic and artificial in a plain translation. As things are, though tragic it is hectic, and though inevitable somehow brittle. Miss Nash plays brilliantly—too brilliantly. Even an emotional actress need not be uninterruptedly emotional. Mr. Ruben exhibits a ripening and softening of his art. The efforts of both are jangled by an associate who cannot act at all and by the inherent meretriciousness of the process of adaptation.

The evils of that process work, of course, both ways. The Jewish Art Theater presents "The Merchant of Venice." The Yiddish translation is in prose throughout and not in good prose. Nothing lifts the romantic episodes and characters out of a sordidness like that of foolish antics at a masquerade. Above the company and the adaptation towers Rudolph Schildkraut, long with Reinhardt in Berlin and a great actor. His Shylock is hoarse and far from voluble—a fat, graceless, old man. But in that figure vibrates a terrifying force. He asks for no sympathy; he wrenches it from you; he scorns all softness and palliation, but when he falls a world crashes into the dust. But Mr. Schildkraut transcends the production; he does not save it. Like the lesser things uptown, it is the production of an adaptation, and adaptations are homeless, hopeless, wretched things without art or a future.

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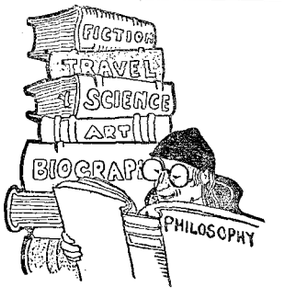

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International Relations Section

The Present State of Ireland

THE Cardinal Primate and the archbishops of Ireland have issued a statement on the present conditions of their country. The text follows.

It is not easy for the pastors of the flock to uphold the law of God and secure its observance when oppression is rampant in a country. Where terrorism, partiality, and failure to apply the principles which its members have proclaimed, are the characteristics of government, the task is rendered well-nigh impossible. And, unhappily, by such means as these, in a most aggravated form, Ireland is now reduced to a state of anarchy.

With no feeling of complacency do we recall the fact that when the country was still crimeless we warned the Government that the oppressive measures which they were substituting for their professions of freedom would lead to the most deplorable consequences. The warning was in vain; and never in living memory has the country been in such disorder as it is now.

Before the war began and especially before the drilling and arming of Ulster, Ireland, however insistent on reform too long delayed, was in a state of order and peace. Now there are murders, raids, burnings, and violence of various kinds. On a scale truly appalling have to be reckoned countless indiscriminate raids and arrests in the darkness of night, prolonged imprisonments without trial, savage sentences from tribunals that command and deserve no confidence, the burning of houses, town halls, factories, creameries, and crops, the destruction of industries to pave the way for want and famine, by men maddened with plundered drink and bent on loot, the flogging and massacre of civilians all perpetrated by the forces of the Crown who have established a reign of frightfulness which, for murdering the innocent and destroying their property, has a parallel only in the horrors of Turkish atrocities, or in the outrages attributed to the Red army of Bolshevist Russia.

Needless to say, we are opposed to crime, from whatever side it comes. Nearly two months ago His Eminence Cardinal Logue, in condemning the murder of a policeman, wrote as follows: "I know that we are living under a harsh, oppressive, tyrannical regime of militarism and brute force, which invites, stimulates, and nourishes crime. I know that, latterly at least, all pretense of strict discipline has been thrown to the winds; that those who profess to be the guardians of law and order have become the most ardent votaries of lawlessness and disorder; that they are running wild through the country, making night hideous by raids, continual rifle-fire, burnings, and the destruction of valuable property; that reckless and indiscriminate shootings in crowded places have made many innocent victims; that towns are sacked as in the rude warfare of earlier ages; that those who run through fear are shot at sight; that in one case lately an inoffensive and industrious man, knowing nothing of, and caring less for, politics, has been dragged from his family while they were reciting the rosary, and shot by the soldiers on the public road."

Things have become much worse since this was written. Men have been tortured with barbarous cruelty. Nor are cases wanting of young women torn, undressed, from their mothers' care in the darkness of night.

For all this not the men, but their masters, are chiefly to blame. And it is not a question of hasty reprisals, which however unjustifiable might be attributed to extreme provocation, nor of quick retaliation on evil-doers, nor of lynch law for miscreants, much less of self-defense of any kind whatsoever. It is the indiscriminate vengeance of savages, deliberately wreaked on a whole town or countryside, without any proof of its complicity in crime, by those who ostensibly are employed by the British Government to protect the lives and property of the people and restore order in Ireland.

This went on, month after month, and there was no sign of restraint or reproof or public investigation or deterrent punishment on the part of the authorities. It went on unchecked and unabated until the world was horrified at the deeds perpetrated under a regime called government in Ireland. Then it was palliated and excused, more than half denied and less than half rebuked, by a Minister of the Crown, on its way to being presented in a false light, and in that light equivalently condoned and approved by his superior in the British Government. Outrage has been connived at and encouraged, if not organized, not by obscure and irresponsible individuals, but by the Government of a mighty Empire, professing the highest ideals of truth and justice.

All the time the carnage of sectarian riots on a vast scale has been allowed to run its course in the cities and towns of Ulster, resulting in woeful slaughter on either side, in deprivation of employment, in the burning of shops and homes, and therefore in extermination, for the weaker party. In Belfast a fortnight ago, 8,100 persons had registered as expelled workers, and over 23,000 people were receiving daily relief. In no other part of Ireland is a minority persecuted. Only one persecuting section can be found among the Irish people; and perhaps recent sad events may, before it is altogether too late, open the eyes of the people of England to the iniquity of furnishing a corner of Ulster with a separate government, or its worst instrument, a special police force, to enable it all the more readily to trample under foot the victims of its intolerance.

But it would be idle to be too confident even of that. The governing classes across the water, instead of encouraging Ulster Unionists to coalesce with the rest of the country, have used that section for centuries as a spear-head directed at the heart of Ireland. Oppression, as everyone knows, generates crime, and leads to further oppression. But more potent than even the rule of brute force in reducing Ireland to anarchy has been the grossly partial course taken by the British Government in regard to the Northeast.

The whole British administration sat complacently while a provisional government was formed and an army drilled in Ulster, the police and customs officials held up, the roads and wires seized. Let anyone contrast the inaction of the Government on the landing of arms at Larne with the onslaughts of the military when arms were landed at Howth, or the treatment of the Ulster Volunteers as compared with the Irish Volunteers, which resulted in the arming of Orangemen and the disarming of the rest of Ireland, or of the 36th Division as compared with the 16th and the 10th. The mutiny at the Curragh showed that if the Northeast opposed it the benefit of law under the British Constitution was not for the rest of Ireland. The highest offices in the gift of the state were for the contingent rebels of Ulster in contrast with the bullet for Irish insurgents.

In these days we have formal approval reported of the Belfast pogrom from a Minister of the Crown, and his promise of protection under the new Belfast Parliament for all who are true to the colors. A prominent member of the British Government can scarce open his lips without encouraging antipathy to Ireland on the part of the Northeast, putting "Ulster" on its old plantation mettle and threatening everyone that "Ulster" will be heard from. If there is anarchy in Ireland the Ministers of the British Crown are its architects.

The plausible sentiment of not coercing Ulster is founded on false pretence, but on false pretence with a purpose. Anyone of ordinary judgment can see how undesirable it is to coerce a minority if in reason the process can at all be avoided. But to give a guaranty to a minority, in advance, against all coercion is to put a premium on unreasonableness and to make a settlement impossible. Had such pledge been given and made good to the minorities in Canada, which clung to Downing Street and

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resisted the concession of responsible government at home, that blessing would never have matured and created the great Dominion of our time.

It is not hatred of coercion that operates in Ireland, but partiality for the Northeast. "Ulster" must not suffer the contamination of a Dublin Parliament. But all Ireland must be coerced for the sake of the Northeast, and especially Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Derry City must be put under a Belfast Parliament against their will. That is the outcome of the very acme of cruel false pretence, and if it be pressed, we warn the British Government of the danger of bitter and prolonged civil strife, with far greater reason for it than for the hostility to a single Parliament which, at the bidding of intolerance, the Government endorses in advance.

Not by inhuman oppression will the Irish question be settled, but by the recognition of the indefeasible right of Ireland, as of every other nation, to choose the form of Government under which its people are to live.

But, as more immediately urgent than anything else, we demand, in the name of civilization and national justice, a full inquiry into the atrocities now being perpetrated in Ireland, by such a tribunal as will inspire the confidence of all, and with immunity to witnesses from the terrorism which makes it impossible to give evidence with safety to life or property.

The press is gagged in Ireland, the right of public meeting interdicted, and inquests suppressed. There has been brutal treatment of clergymen; and certainly to ban a distinguished archbishop of Irish birth, who is the trusted leader of democracy in Australia, and prevent him from visiting his native land, is one of the most unwise steps that purblind and tyrannical oppression could take.

But still more cruel, and not less destructive of any prospect of peace between the two countries, is the continued imprisonment of the Lord Mayor of Cork and the other hunger-strikers, who think nothing of their lives if they can do anything for Ireland in the sad plight to which the rule of the stranger has reduced her.

In existing circumstances it would be idle to say to our people that the outlook was anything but menacing. It is not, however, idle, it is only what is right, to say to them that there never was a time when they should rely on God with more confidence that He will prosper their struggle for freedom while they remain steadfast to the ideals and requirements of Holy Faith. It is for a nation of martyrs to cultivate constant self-restraint. Our people were a great Christian nation when pagan chaos reigned across the Channel. They will remain, please God, a great Christian nation when the new paganism that now prevails there has run its evil course.

Our relations with England have been always a terrible misfortune for us. But in the end the constancy of faith is sure to prevail. It will hasten the day of freedom and peace if we resolutely "walk as the children of the light; for the fruit of the light is in all justice and godliness and truth."

Accordingly, "see that none renders evil for evil, to any man, but ever follow that which is good towards each other and towards all men." God is our help, as He has been through all the centuries of trial, the hope of our fathers. With His blessing upon us we need fear no foe. With His light to guide us we need dread no future.

Let us use well the all-powerful weapon of prayer on which He bids us rely; and to that end the bishops direct that a Novena with the usual devotions be held in the churches in preparation for the feast of the Irish saints on the 6th of next November, and that while this trial lasts the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, Queen of Peace, be recited after the principal mass on days of obligation and every public mass on other days. They also very earnestly recommend that, in every household, along with the rosary at night, the same litany be said, to obtain from the Divine Mercy peace, freedom, and every blessing, spiritual and temporal, for our beloved country.

The bishops undertake to celebrate mass for this purpose on the 6th of November, and they request the priests of Ireland, secular and regular, so far as they are free, to do likewise.

MICHAEL, CARDINAL LOGUE, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland; WILLIAM, Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland; JOHN, Archbishop of Cashel; THOMAS, Archbishop of Tuam; ABRAHAM, Bishop of Ossory; PATRICK, Bishop of Raphoe; ROBERT, Bishop of Cloyne; JOSEPH, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise; PATRICK, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; DENIS, Bishop of Ross; THOMAS, Bishop of Galway and Kilmacduagh; MICHAEL, Bishop of Killaloe; LAURENCE, Bishop of Meath; CHARLES, Bishop of Derry; PATRICK, Bishop of Clogher; PATRICK, Bishop of Kilmore; PATRICK, Bishop of Achonry; JAMES, Bishop of Killala; BERNARD, Bishop of Elphin; DANIEL, Bishop of Cork; JOSEPH, Bishop of Down and Connor; BERNARD, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore; EDWARD, Bishop of Dromore; CHARLES, Bishop of Kerry; WILLIAM, Bishop of Ferns; DENIS, Bishop of Limerick; THOMAS, Bishop of Clonfert; EDWARD, Bishop of Spigaz.

ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, MAYNOOTH,
October 19, 1920

The British Labor Report on Ireland

THE report of the British Labor Party on "Irish Nationalism and Labor Internationalism," drafted by Bernard Shaw, was published in England in May, 1920, with a foreword by J. R. Clynes. Its suggestions are interesting at the present time in connection with the hearings of the American Commission on Ireland now in progress at Washington.

NATIONALISM AND THE LABOR PARTY

The Irish policy of the Labor Party is necessarily wider than that of any of the native Irish nationalist parties, because labor is international. There may be the most violent opposition between the Irish nationalist and the British imperialist as such; but the interests of the Irish worker and the British worker are the same; and it is with their interests as workers that the Labor Party is concerned. The English Trade Unions helped to finance the great strike of the Transport Workers in Dublin just as they would have helped to finance a similar strike in Manchester or Glasgow; and James Connolly, as a labor man, was as much at home in England or America as in Ireland. The Labor Party is not, and by its own nature never can be, a separatist party; it is a federalist party, and far from wishing to detach the Irish people from the English aims at establishing the closest possible relations between both and all the workers of the modern capitalized world. It recognizes as fully as the Irish people do that such relations must be free relations, that is, relations in which the national rights of the parties are fully established; but this condition is now accepted by the liberal sections of the capitalist parties, and is therefore not peculiar to the Labor Party, and not specially characteristic of it. Thus, though the Labor Party if called on to undertake the government of the realm must face the entire Irish question, and will in that case set itself to satisfy Irish national sentiment as an indispensable first step towards the consolidation of the union of the workers of the two islands, its aims must carry it further than the Irish nationalist parties and societies for whom this first step is also the last and only one to be taken. The mere recognition of Irish nationality can do nothing more for the Irish workers than place them in the position now occupied by the British workers; and if that were satisfactory there would be no need for a Labor Party. To the Irish Nationalist home rule may seem everything; to the Labor Party it is only a preliminary. The Labor Party must therefore not be expected to display the enthusiasm for nationalism and the complete preoccupation with it which naturally mark the Irish parties. This does not mean that the Labor Party is less convinced than the Irish people that Ireland must become a free nation. What it does mean is that the task of the Labor Party, which is the

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emancipation of the whole civilized world from the tyranny of capitalism, is so much vaster in its scope and complicated in its execution, so essentially international in its principle, that nationalism is only an item in it, and not even a distinctively Irish item; for the Irish nation is not the only one that is struggling for self-determination.

Republicanism and the Labor Party

Nationalism is not the only question which is treated in Ireland as an Irish question, though it is actually a human question. For example, there is the republican question. Irishmen are apt to forget that many Englishmen are as republican as Mr. de Valera, and that republicanism, represented ten years ago in Europe by France and Switzerland only, is now, outside the British Empire, the predominant form of government in the world. In England alone the Labor Party probably numbers among its members more republicans than are to be found in the entire Irish population; so there is no danger of any lack of sympathy on that point. But the experiences of the workers under the rule of capitalist republicanism in France and America leave the Labor Party very cold as to the millennial hopes of the more enthusiastic republicans. In no part of the British Empire is there such ruthless political persecution of labor as in the United States at this moment. The clear moral for labor is that only economic change can produce real political change; without it the French proverb holds good: "The more we change, the more everything remains the same." That is why the Labor Party does not put republicanism in the forefront of its political program as some of the Irish parties do, and why the overseas Dominions show no desire to change King Log for President Stork.

In any case, if Ireland is to remain a part of the British Commonwealth (the Labor Party does not regard it as an empire), she must wait for the change from the existing limited monarchy to a republic until the other members are ready for it. It is not the kind of change that can be effected piecemeal. Those Irishmen who claim to anticipate England or Australia or Canada in this matter are committing themselves to the complete separation of Ireland from England as an independent state. Now in this they may be wise or unwise; but in either case they cut themselves adrift from the British Labor Party. The disruption of the Commonwealth may be a good thing for all parties; but it is not the job of the Labor Party. Should it be accomplished, the Labor Party will immediately seek to recombine the British and Irish workers, and unite them by as many bonds as possible.

The Labor Party and Constitutional Reform

The resettlement of the Irish question involves a new constitution for Ireland. If this new constitution is to work, it must be really new and up to date. A second-hand article imported from England will not do. Government nowadays is a much more complicated business than it was at the date of the Union. Its activities have grown and spread so enormously that it is no longer possible for such parliaments as sufficed in the eighteenth century, and struggled through the nineteenth with disastrous inadequacy, to cope with the social problems of the twentieth. The parliament at Westminster has fallen into contempt in England as completely as in Ireland, because it is overloaded with work for which it is unfitted, and for which its members are mostly unqualified. It leaves nine-tenths of its work undone, and bungles the other tenth pitiably; and it would do so even if its motives and public spirit were irreproachable. And exactly the same failure would result from an attempt to govern Ireland by a College Green parliament modeled on the existing British House of Commons.

The Labor Party foresees clearly that all civilized countries must be controlled industrially and fiscally in the near future, not by private financiers and boards of company directors in anarchic conflict with trade unions as at present, but by labor parliaments of workers by hand or brain virtually representing occupations rather than geographical areas. The larger legal and cultural institutions, as well as federal matters and foreign policy in cooperation with the League of Nations, must be undertaken by councils representing the higher common conscience and wisdom (as distinguished from the various industrial interests) of the community and of civilization at large. For parliaments, like monarchs, must have their councils for high affairs. Cabinets cannot supply their place. Cabinets are merely party organizations; and the party system is at the end of its tether.

Now when the conception thus briefly outlined is firmly apprehended, it becomes clear at once that though the labor parliaments, representing the physical force and more material interests of the nation, and therefore its cruder coercive powers, must be national (otherwise we should have, as at present, the tyrrany of "the predominant partner" as between Great Britain and Ireland), the council should be as supernational as possible. It will not be a body for which a person should be eligible merely because, as an average sensible miner or mason, farm laborer or railway man, doctor or lawyer, manager or banker, he or she knows where the economic shoe pinches. The present very common and very disgraceful qualification of being a rich idler will, it is hoped, be made impossible by labor legislation; but when this happens we shall no longer be able to assume that the rare accident of high political capacity in rich individuals will provide us with makeshift diplomatists, jurists, and higher statesmen generally. These must in future come from the people without privilege of birth; and the field of selection must be as wide as possible so that the best political minds may be available; for such minds are few and far between, and must be taken where they can be found. There is no difficulty in finding capable members for three national labor parliaments in the three kingdoms, or even more. But if three councils be also established, there will have to be at least a joint committee or conference of the three in permanent sitting; and this committee will continually tend to become the executive committee; so that it is at least an open question whether national councils will be much more than electoral colleges to choose an essentially federal conference. A federal parliament, like the United States Congress, might be a shorter and more familiar means to the same end.

Home Rule for England

It may surprise the less thoughtful sections of the Irish parties to hear that the English and Scottish nations need national parliaments as much as the Irish nation. But the fact is that home rule is as pressingly desirable in England as in Ireland. It is commonly assumed that home rule means home rule for Ireland. But home rule for England is to the Englishman no less important. There is at present no English national parliament any more than there is an Irish one. There is a parliament of the three kingdoms in which Irish affairs have obstructed English reforms to an extent almost unbearable, and in which the Irish members have often held the balance of power. Scotland has the same grievance. The British Labor Party cannot reasonably urge the need of a separate national parliament for Ireland, whilst assuming that the present nondescript London parliament, which is neither imperial nor national, is good enough for England and Scotland. At least three national parliaments are needed in the two islands. And these three national parliaments could be made labor parliaments by the political activity of the working classes.

The Labor Party and the Separatists

But the Irish and British workers must live together when everything has been done that can be done to satisfy their national sentiment. They may even have to die together if militarism retains its present vogue. The establishment of a formally independent republic in Ireland would not alter this natural geographical necessity. A nominally independent Ireland would be as completely entangled in the foreign policy of Great Britain as Belgium was. Her influence on it would be exercised through an Irish embassy in London which would be

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overshadowed by the embassies of the great Powers, and could pretend to no greater consideration than that accorded to militarily negligible minor states. The Labor Party, which is strongly anti-militarist, and aims at superseding the secret diplomacy of the embassies by open democratic internationalism, would much rather see Ireland represented in a federal parliament of the three kingdoms, in which Irish statesmen could command a hearing and respect to which no Irish ambassador could pretend. Some such institution is inevitable in the future if the tyranny of the present governing class is to be broken in the only possible way by taking over its supernational work and doing it better.

Even in domestic affairs the necessity for the Irish, English, and Scottish workers to throw in their lot together politically is equally plain to common sense. The main obstacle is the belief common in Ireland that Irish grievances are peculiar to Ireland, and that the British workers profit by them at the expense of the Irish. The truth is that life is harder in England than in Ireland. The tyranny of the landlord is less restricted; the slums of Liverpool and London, of Glasgow and Dundee, are as horrible as the slums of Dublin and Belfast; most of the villages and country towns of Ireland are paradises compared to the mining villages of Wales and the factory towns of Lancashire; the infant vitality of Connemara is the envy of all the medical officers of health in industrial England and even in industrial Europe; and even the armed escorts of the Viceroy, of which so much has been said as a demonstration of armed force to overawe the people, are not more formidable or more unpopular than the armed escorts of Mr. Lloyd George when he visits the Clyde, though the newspapers say so much less about them. During the war every English visitor to Ireland was astonished by the freedom of life in Ireland compared with the restrictions and prohibitions and privations imposed by the authorities in England, even without counting the enormous item of compulsory military service. Not for a moment does the Labor Party seek to minimize the grievances of the Irish nation, or to excuse the abuses of Castle government which its representatives have witnessed and against which they have vehemently protested; but no genuine understanding between the two peoples can be arrived at or maintained until it is recognized in Ireland that "the English" have their share of these oppressions in such abundant measure that British elections cannot be fought on Irish grievances any more than Irish elections can be fought on British grievances, and that the only grievances that really matter much politically are the common grievances of labor throughout the capitalist world. As long as the Irish worker regards the English worker as a tyrant from whom he demands his freedom, the capitalists and landlords will "divide and govern." When the Irish worker sees in the English worker his fellow sufferer and comrade, the Irish question will finally escape from the romantic stage to the practical one, and cease to be a mere excuse for British capitalist statesmen to neglect British affairs.

The Labor Party and the So-called Partition of Ireland

The demand for the partition of the two islands has inevitably led to a cry for the partition of Ireland itself. As long as the divisions between Catholic and Protestant, between urban industry in the north and agriculture in the south, and between the foreign army of occupation and the native public, occupy men's minds wholly, the formation of solid Irish national parties is impossible. There is only one Labor Party in England. In Ireland there are several nationalist parties. Sinn Fein has swept the polls on a program of separatist republicanism; but the figures of the municipal elections suggest that this program is less representative of the nation than that of the Dominion Home Rulers led by Sir Horace Plunkett, or even that of the old Parnellite Nationalists led by Mr. Dillon. The Labor Party's program of Home Rule All Round and Federal Union, though hardly ever mentioned because it is so easily confused with devolution and federal partition of Ireland itself, is privately held by many Irishmen to be the only stable solution. Against it Ulster Protestantism stands apparently solid and therefore practically invincible save by a violent coercion which no English Government is prepared to employ. But Ulster is not really solid. There is a fundamental division in her ranks. That is the division between capitalism and labor. The Ulster Labor Party is teaching the Ulster capitalists that they cannot afford to cut themselves off from the capitalists of the south. And the Ulster workers are finding out simultaneously that the workers of Ireland must stand or fall together and not allow their exploiters to play off the Catholic carpenters of the South against the Protestant riveters of the North. Capitalism is the Achilles's heel of unionism; labor is the real bond that will make partition impossible.

Partition, however, may easily become merely an abusive name for quite beneficial measures of decentralization and local autonomy. Though there is nothing favorable to be said for a political division of Ireland into Catholics and Protestants, it is not clear to Englishmen that there is any radical objection to that division of Ireland into federated provinces which is a leading feature of Dominion home rule in America and Australia. It is a matter which the Irish people must decide for itself; but, however it decides, it cannot reasonably reject an internal federal scheme on the ground that it would mean a partition of Ireland. Nobody says or thinks that the division of Australia and Canada into provinces, or of the North American republic into States, all with separate parliaments, was a political operation comparable to the partition of Poland. It may seem absurd to set up provincial governments for so small a population as that of Ireland; but the overseas Dominion populations are very small relatively to their vast acreage, though they are populated countries whilst Ireland is a depopulated one. The national rehabilitation of Ireland will put an end to this depopulation. It may even produce immigration, for the history of Ireland is largely a history of invasion, and the invaders have not only never gone back, but have become more Irish than the Irish they displaced. No settlement based on the assumption that Ireland will remain underpopulated is likely to be a stable one; Ireland may become as densely populated as England. Now in England certain politicians have been hinting for some time past at the desirability of separate provincial parliaments for the industrial north and the agricultural and residential south; and some such reconstruction of industrial areas is inevitable. But no one thinks of this as a partition of England. The Labor Party has no sympathy with the mere Orangemen of the north or with the Irish federalists and devolutionists who share their views. Their reasons for segregating Ulster seem unsocial, recalcitrant, and bigoted in England; but the fact that many persons desire the internal federation of the Irish provinces for bad reasons does not invalidate the good reasons for such a procedure which have prevailed in Australia and Canada. The Labor Party therefore regards the question as an open one from all points of view.

Guerilla Warfare in Ireland

A word must be said here about the possibility of setting Ireland free by armed force. The Labor Party cannot encourage any attempt of the kind. It is possible for any subjugated nation to force on its governors the alternative of setting it free or slaughtering its inhabitants on a scale revolting to the public opinion of the civilized world. That was the utmost that could have been hoped by the organizers of the gallant little Dublin War of Independence in Easter, 1916. But the fact that all Ireland did not then rise shows that the policy of dying on the enemy's doorstep is not practicable for a nation as comfortably circumstanced as the Irish in many respects are. As to overcoming the British garrison, that is at present a military impossibility; and this being so there is nothing to be said in defense of petulant amateur sieges of country police barracks, and sniping of individual policemen. Such useless proceedings, to say nothing of their cruelty, make the national movement ridiculous instead of making it formidable; and the Labor Party

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cannot countenance them in any way. Enough blood was shed in 1916 to show that the Irish are in earnest, and to put an end to apathy. If the Labor Party is ever forced to defend itself by arms in Ireland or elsewhere, it will not play with the situation. Police and robbers is a good game for unarmed schoolboys, but a very silly one for armed men.

Self-Determination for Ireland

It is not, however, for the Labor Party to dictate to Ireland. What it may do is to place its views before the Irish people to be taken into account with the other factors in the national problem. The Irish must solve the problem for themselves with all the factors before them. To make this possible, there must be a constituent assembly in which the divisions of Irish opinion shall be represented as nearly as possible in the proportions in which they exist in the country. Some light has been thrown on these proportions by the figures of the municipal elections, the results of which make it practically certain that the assembly will be elected by proportional representation. An assembly from which the Orange Party and the separatist Republican Party had excluded all intermediate shades of opinion could settle nothing, as its decisions would not be accepted by the country. It would have less authority even, than the Convention of 1918, which, though not elected and not popular, was representative enough to do some useful work.

The project of an Irish constituent assembly is not an English project. It comes from Ireland. The British Labor Party does not dictate it; it accepts it and approves of it. It has not been sidetracked by the new Home Rule Bill. If that bill becomes law and is put into operation it will, like all attempts at social legislation by capitalist governments, need a series of amending acts to make it satisfactory or even workable. All such acts are at best bad beginnings; and this one will certainly prove no exception to the rule. Whether a constituent assembly has to draft an original act or an amending act makes no difference to the need for such an assembly as an organ of self-determination.

No terms of reference that the London parliament can devise can limit the discussions or affect the decision of an Irish constituent assembly; and it is possible that such an assembly may, in spite of all attempts to impose a mandate on it from Westminster, and also, it may be added, of the figures of the Irish municipal elections, demand for Ireland complete political separation as an independent sovereign state. In that case the British section of the Labor Party will have nothing further to say in the matter; and the 57,626 voters of the Irish section will no doubt accept the decision of the national assembly. But the Labor Party cannot shut its eyes to the fact that the acceptance of such a decision by the British Commonwealth, even if it could be secured, would be a very unreal business. It would actually leave the British Government freer to coerce Ireland politically, as small and militarily defenseless states are always coerced by the great Powers, than to coerce any Dominion of the Empire. By choosing formal independence Ireland would get rid of the forms of a particular sort of oppression for which England is now held heavily responsible by the public opinion of the world, and especially of the United States of America, but she would exchange these forms, not for freedom, but for a subjection to the dictation of her more powerful neighbors which would carry with it no more responsibility than their ruthless domination of Belgium, of Greece, and of Rumania during the war. The Labor Party therefore repeats that it cannot honestly say that Ireland would gain real independence by detachment from the British Commonwealth, and hopes that she will remain within it.

If the Assembly should agree with the Labor Party on this point, and decide to maintain Ireland's place in the Commonwealth, then the other members of the Commonwealth will be entitled to their say as to the conditions, as they will all be parties to the bargain. Ireland can reasonably ask to be retained in the Commonwealth on more favorable terms than England or Scotland if these two countries continue to neglect their political interests in the matter of home rule for themselves; but she cannot reasonably ask for conditions which are unattainable by them in any case. She must be content finally to be in the Commonwealth on the same terms as the others. The constitutional changes must not be confined to Ireland, though they may begin with Ireland as the hardest case. It is not easy to see how they can even begin with Ireland without either depriving her of representation in the joint concerns of the two islands or else giving her a voice in the domestic affairs of England and Scotland to which she is not entitled and which she does not claim. But until there are national parliaments for England and Scotland as well as for Ireland, and a federal parliament or permanent conference or councils for the three as well, no satisfactory escape from the dilemma is possible. Ireland is therefore bound in her own interests to suggest a means by which she can retain her representation in the affairs of the United Kingdom without intruding in English and Scottish affairs, and to claim representation in the present London parliament only until these means are adopted. To repudiate such representation would be a petulant act of political suicide as far as foreign affairs are concerned; for Ireland, unlike the overseas Dominions, has no armament to make Irish embassies respected.

Irish Grievances and English Elections

There is another and very strong tactical reason why the proposals of a constituent assembly should not be confined to the redress of Irish grievances alone. A general election may have to be fought on these proposals; and it cannot be said too frankly that the Labor Party cannot go to its British constituents with a program which concerns Ireland alone. That has been tried by the Liberal Party; and it has always failed because the British electors have too many pressing grievances of their own to vote as if the world were perfectly happy and free everywhere except in Ireland. The proposals of the assembly should be so detailed and complete as to be a draft bill in everything but form; and though it is obvious that Ireland can hardly dictate a constitution for England and Scotland, yet unless it can be shown that the Irish proposals for Irish self-government are compatible with an equal degree of self-government for England and Scotland, and will pave the way for it if not actually include it, they will have only a sentimental interest for the British electorate. The opponents of the Labor Party will be also the opponents of Irish nationalism; and their case against what they will call "the disruption of the Empire" and "the betrayal of Ulster" will be pleaded for all it is worth. It will be found that the British worker cares very little about Ulster, having fish of his own to fry; but he will care even less for Sinn Fein, which is openly hostile to England whilst Ulster pretends to be the British garrison. Ireland will therefore be wise if she gives the other island an interest in the bill by affirming principles and proposing remedies which are as applicable to England and Scotland as to Ireland. Otherwise the British workers will be as indifferent as in 1885 and 1893. They will not be hostile—the Irish cause is always popular at labor meetings in Great Britain—but it is trifling with the facts and with human nature to pretend that Irish grievances will carry English elections. There are worse grievances by far to be remedied in India and in Egypt; but their effect on British voting is negligible. The advantage that Ireland has over these subjugated nations is that she can identify her cause with that of the British workers, and make them feel that in winning her battles they are fighting their own. Only the other day the "Hands off Russia" agitation compelled the Government to stop sending arms and money to the representatives of the Russian equivalent of Dublin Castle rule. This was not mere romantic sympathy with the Russian people. It was a sense that if liberty were crushed by reaction in Russia it would be crushed in England, and by the same people. A "Hands off Ireland" agitation would succeed only on the same condition. When

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England sees in the Irish cause the image of her own, she will make it her own.

The Military Question

The military question is one on which the Labor Party, strongly anti-militarist as it is, must accept the facts and deal quite frankly. It is impossible to treat Ireland as a separate country from Great Britain for military purposes. An invasion of Ireland would be an invasion of Britain. In view of the fact that England has more than once plunged into a European war of the first magnitude to prevent a foreign Power establishing itself in Antwerp, it is not likely that she would permit one to establish itself in Galway or Belfast. It is, of course, physically possible for Ireland to become a nominally independent state under the protection of the League of Nations, and to set up an Irish army and an Irish fleet. She would then be able to declare her neutrality in the event of war between the British and a rival Power. She could also, no doubt, ally herself with the enemy of the British Commonwealth, and join in the operations against it.

The first alternative has been reduced to absurdity by the late war, in which neutrality was utterly disregarded by the belligerents at sea, and observed on land only when the risks of violating it (as in the case of Holland) were not worth running. Sweden would have been driven into the war by the injuries done to her maritime commerce if they had not come from both sides. The United States found it impossible to hold aloof even after reelecting as president "the man who kept America out of the war." Neutrality for Ireland would be impossible as to her coasts and shipping; and if the war were fought out on the soil of these islands instead of in Flanders, Ireland would be the cockpit.

The second alternative would simply lead either to the subjugation of England by a Power which would then dominate Ireland, or, if England were victorious, to the reconquest of Ireland. To realize the position it is only necessary to imagine an Ireland with her population increased and her resources developed sufficiently to make her mistress of the military situation in the islands, as England now is. In such circumstances Ireland would assuredly make a military conquest of England if England threw in her lot with the enemies of Ireland in a war. The law of arms is the law of self-preservation; and Ireland is no more and no less bound by it than any other country.

That this law, for the present, imposes balance of power diplomacy on the nations, and that such diplomacy is a polite disguise for international brigandage, is well known to the Labor Party. But the Labor Party cannot get rid of the evils of the present international anarchy by simply exposing and denouncing them. Until the League of Nations becomes a reality and imposes peace on nations as effectually as it is now imposed on individuals, both Irish and English, worker and capitalist, pacifist and militarist alike must arm themselves against aggression, and even for aggression if their security demands it.

Under such circumstances the British Labor Party earnestly desires that the two islands should form a single unit for all warlike purposes. How otherwise will it be possible for the English and Irish workers to combine effectively in the struggle against capitalism? If Ireland becomes a foreign Power the relations between Irish labor and English labor will be always difficult, and may at any moment become as treasonable as the relations between British and German labor during the late war. As long as an Irishman cannot, *qua* Irishman, become "the king's enemy," nothing can hinder British labor from cooperating to the utmost with Irish labor. That advantage is not one to be thrown away for the sake of an illusory military independence.

Recapitulation

The attitude of the Labor Party towards Ireland is now as clear as it can be made on paper. Its points may be recapitulated as follows:

1. The Labor Party, being federalist and internationalist, is not concerned with nations except as units of organization for labor throughout the world. It opposes the present misgovernment of Ireland solely because it is an obstacle to the union of the British and Irish workers.
2. It claims home rule, under a new and up-to-date constitution, for the three kingdoms alike, and therefore appeals to the Irish workers to exercise their right of self-determination in favor of constitutional forms capable of being extended to England and Scotland, and of finally providing a homogeneous labor constitution for the two islands.
3. It urges that Ireland shall keep in line with the overseas Dominions on the republican question, and on all questions on which it cannot advance alone without complete political separation.
4. Whilst fully recognizing the right of the Irish nation to self-government and the free choice of its own institutions, the Labor Party reminds it that its worst grievances are common to the proletariats of the whole commercial world, and can only be remedied in close cooperation with them.
5. It supports the project of an Irish constituent assembly to ascertain the greatest common measure of agreement attainable between the sections of Irish opinion, and to formulate the national demands of Ireland on that basis.
6. It deprecates any attempt to exclude Ireland, whether on nationalist or imperialist pretexts, from foreign policy, federal affairs, or the defensive or aggressive military and naval resources of the British Commonwealth.
7. It presses the importance of making the Irish settlement mark a constitutional advance capable of engaging the interests and winning the votes of English and Scottish as well as Irish workers.

The Nation's Commission On Ireland

Conditions in Ireland have grown appreciably worse. There is a threat to cut down train service to a point that would probably make certain districts in Ireland areas of starvation. In Dublin there has been a new outbreak of violence and killing that recalls 1916.

The American Commission on Ireland must now extend its activities. It must send a special sub-Committee to England and Ireland immediately to secure on the ground essential facts about the Irish situation.

Only by thoroughly establishing the facts can the inquiry of the Commission serve its purpose in revealing a possible basis for peace and justice in Ireland.

A full report of the first two hearings held in Washington on November 18 and 19 will be published for the first time as a supplement to an early issue of *The Nation*.

The Commission must prosecute its task quickly and thoroughly. The work is necessarily costly. Americans interested in this labor of humane service, in the cause of justice and peace, are asked to contribute generously. Contributions should be addressed to

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